

TALES OF

VOODOO

JANUARY 1970 35¢

FEATURING:

**SIGNED IN
BLOOD**

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TERROR**

**HOUSE OF
SHOCK**

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WORLDS BEYOND



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TALES OF VOODOO

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Carl Burgos, Editor . . . Irving Fass, Art Director

Ezra Jackson, Art Editor

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SIGNED IN BLOOD

TOMAS ANGEL WAS A GREAT SCIENTIST A FAMOUS ONE--BUT HE WAS ALSO NINETY YEARS OLD!





BUT MY HEART...ONE MORE ATTACK AND I'LL HAVE HAD MY **LAST!** STILL A YEAR MORE, A YEAR TO BRING ETERNAL EXISTENCE -- IS THAT TOO MUCH TO ASK?



I'D GIVE MY SOUL TO THE **DEVIL** FOR THE CHANCE!



WOULD YOU?



PLEASE, TOMAS, RESTRAIN YOURSELF! I AM VERY REAL TO THOSE WHO BELIEVE... AND I KNOW YOU DO! AND YOU HAVE A PROBLEM THAT I CAN SOLVE!

WH-WHAT DO YOU MEAN? -- TO MAKE ME **YOUNG** AGAIN?

YES, TO BE YOUNG AGAIN FOR A **YEAR AND A DAY!** TO BE YOUNG AND TO COMPLETE YOUR WORK!



AND WHAT IS **YOUR** ADVANTAGE?

SURELY, YOU'VE HEARD OF OTHER PACTS...MY PRICE DOESN'T CHANGE! HERE, THIS WON'T HURT **VERY** MUCH!



OWWW! ALL RIGHT! EXACTLY A YEAR AND A DAY OR OUR CONTRACT IS **VOID!**



DON'T WORRY! I'M VERY PUNCTUAL -- BUT SEE THAT YOU KEEP YOUR WORD -- FOR NOTHING ON THIS WORLD WILL STOP ME FROM CLAIMING YOUR **SOUL!**

SATAN SIGNED HIS NAME AND TURNED TO THE AGED SCIENTIST...

LOOK AT ME, TOMAS!
YOU SHALL BE CHANGED INTO A HANDSOME
YOUNG MAN FOR A YEAR AND A DAY! YOU
SHALL HAVE EVERYTHING YOU WANT!
LOOK AT ME!



TOMAS ANGEL SENSED THE CHANGE COMING
OVER HIM...



AND THEN HE **FELT** THE CHANGE!



HE LOOKED AROUND...BUT NOW HE
WAS ALONE!

HE'S GONE! THE
FOOL IS GONE! I'LL
NOW GAIN THE
POWER OF THE
LORRO...

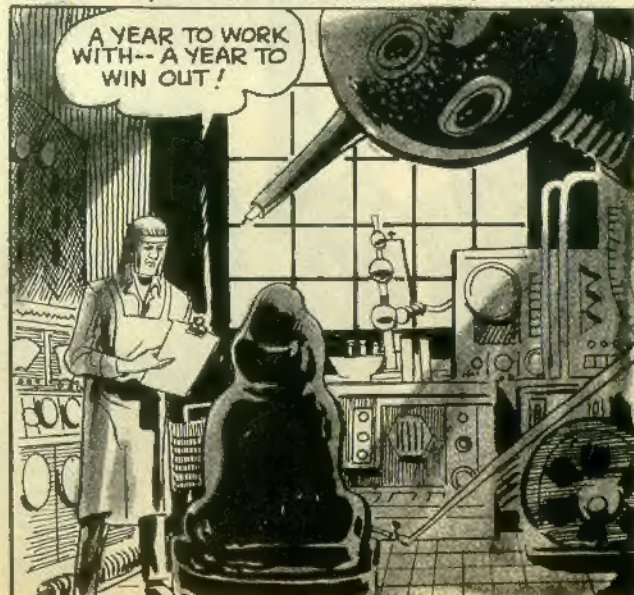


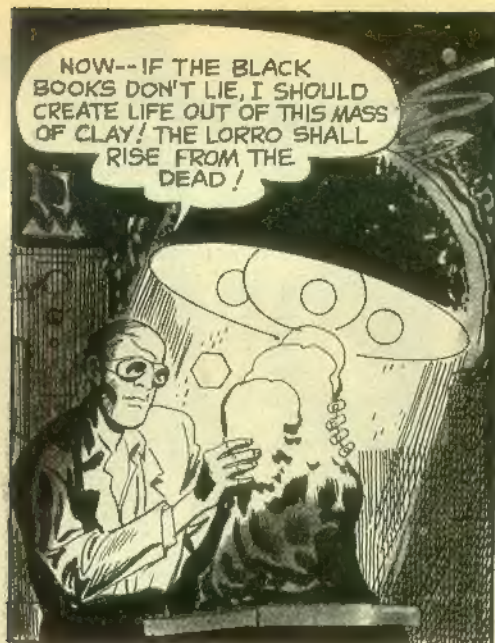
... AND **ETERNAL LIFE!**
YOU'VE MADE A BAD
BARGAIN, SATAN, A
BAD BARGAIN!



A YOUNG MAN CAN DO THINGS SO MUCH FASTER...
...AND YES, TOMAS ANGEL WAS NOW A YOUNG MAN!

A YEAR TO WORK
WITH-- A YEAR TO
WIN OUT!





THE DAYS FLEW BY, EXPERIMENT FOLLOWED EXPERIMENT THERE WAS FRUSTRATION, HEARTBREAK--AND A MAD RUSH FOR TIME!



A YEAR IS NOT FOREVER--AND IT DOES HAVE AN END. TOMAS ANGEL REACHED IT AND HE STILL WAS AT WORK!



BUT IT WAS ALSO TIME FOR A FIGURE TO ARRIVE!





DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT IT
MEANS TO LOOK DEEPER...



... AND DEEPER AND
DEEPER INTO THE
LORRO'S EYES...



UNTIL I GAIN
ETERNAL LIFE!



HAH! NOW DO AS YOU
WILL TO COLLECT PAYMENT!
OR BETTER STILL--ADMIT THAT
YOU'VE BEEN **BEATEN!**



WE MADE A BARGAIN, TOMAS
ANGEL... WE SIGNED A PACT IN
BLOOD... WE AGREED...
IT WAS NOT FORCED!



AND I SHALL HAVE
MY PAYMENT!



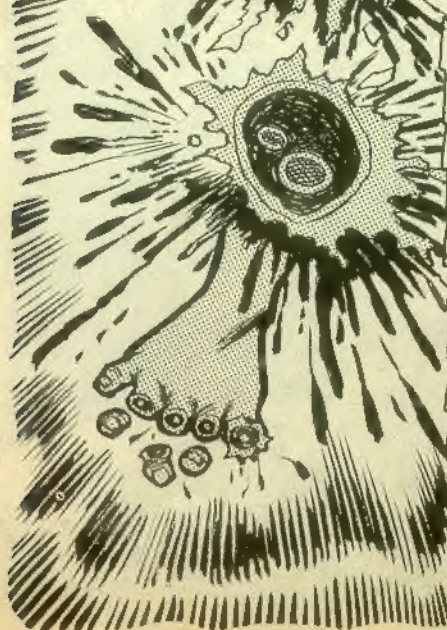
SO LIVE... LIVE
FOREVER! BUT
MINUS YOUR
SOUL!

THE
END

WOODDOLL TERROR



DEATH MUST COME TO ALL MEN... IT IS NOT THAT WHICH BOTHERS MOST OF US... IT IS THE DARK, SECRET UNANSWERED QUESTION... HOW WILL IT COME?



AT THIS MOMENT, IT IS THE FARTHEST QUESTION IN THE MIND OF MULTI-MILLIONAIRE CLARK VANDERMERE! IF HE COULD WITNESS THE EERIE OMINOUS RITUAL TAKING PLACE IN AN UNDERGROUND CRYPT IN WOODSTOCK CEMETERY... HE WOULD BE VERY CONCERNED...



HEE! HEE! YOU ARE A PERFECT DOLL! AN ALMOST LIFE-LIKE REPLICA OF THE MAN I HATE MOST IN LIFE... THE MAN YOU WILL HELP ME TO DESTROY!



FOR TWENTY YEARS YOU HAVE BEEN LIVING IN THE LAP OF LUXURY... MULTIPLYING MILLIONS OF DOLLARS ON THE INVENTION YOU STOLE FROM ME! AND NOW IT IS MY TURN TO REAP A SHARE OF THE REWARD! NOT IN TERMS OF MONEY, BUT IN GLORIOUS VENGEANCE!
HA'HA'HA'HA'!



AND NOW TO TEST YOUR ABILITY, MY LITTLE DOLL! IF YOU ARE AS AFFECTIVE AS YOU LOOK YOU SHOULD RENDER CLARK VANDERMERE EXCRUTIATING AGONY AND PAIN!

HEE! HEE! HEE!



I SHALL LET THE ENORMOUS WEIGHT OF YOUR PAMPERED BODY TUG AT EVERY ROOT OF YOUR HAIR... LIKE THIS....



... AT THAT VERY MOMENT AN AGONIZING SCREAM SHATTERS THE SILENCE OF CLARK VANDERMERE'S BEDROOM...



...PROFUSE BLEEDING RENDERS HIS PAIN-RACKED HEAD AND FACE INTO A GROTESQUE MASK OF AGONY...



BACK AT THE CRYPT, A MACABRE FIGURE DANCES JOYOUSLY AT THE SUCCESS OF HIS EVIL VENDETTA...



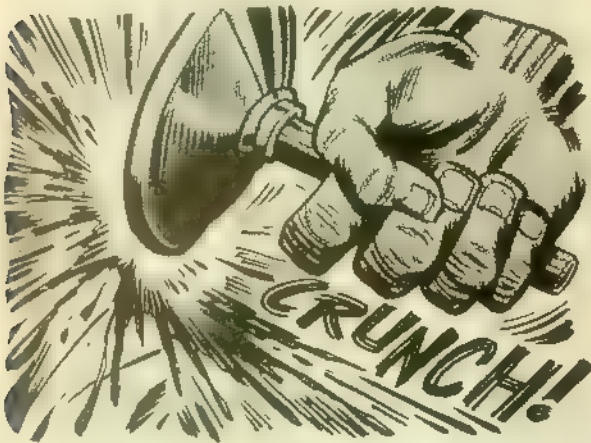
... SUDDENLY THE FRENZIED DANCE STOPPED... AND THE LONELY FIGURE STOOD IN THE MIDDLE OF THE CRYPT FLOOR... HIS FACE CONTORTED WITH HATE AND ANGER...



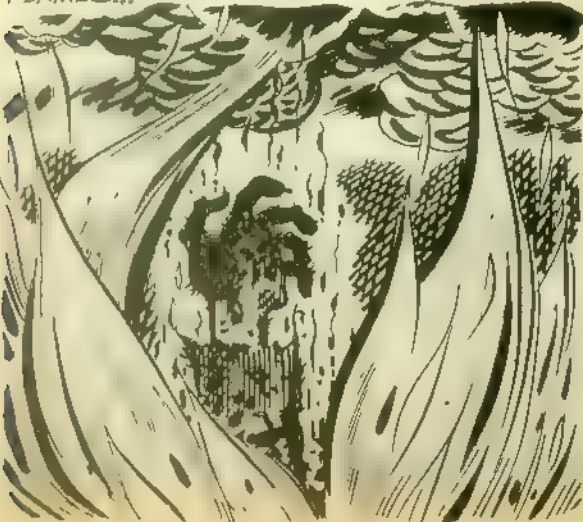
OH, YES, MY DEAR PARTNER, HOW WELL I REMEMBER THAT NIGHT! I WAS WORKING LATE IN MY LABORATORY, EXHILARATED BY THE SUCCESSFUL COMPLETION OF MY NEW INVENTION... A MACHINE CAPABLE OF PRODUCING SYNTHETIC BLOOD...



I WAS SO ELATED THAT I WAS UNAWARE OF YOUR PRESENCE... OR THAT YOUR GREED WOULD CAUSE YOU TO CRUSH MY SKULL...



AFTER STEALING THE PLANS, YOU SET FIRE TO THE PLACE... LEAVING MY LIFELESS FORM TO BE INCINERATED BY THE TORTUROUS CONSUMING HEAT OF THE FLAMES...



... THEY ONLY FOUND THIS CREMATED CADAVER TO BE EXHUMED FROM THE HOT ASHES AND BURIED HERE IN THIS COLD, DARK CRYPT!



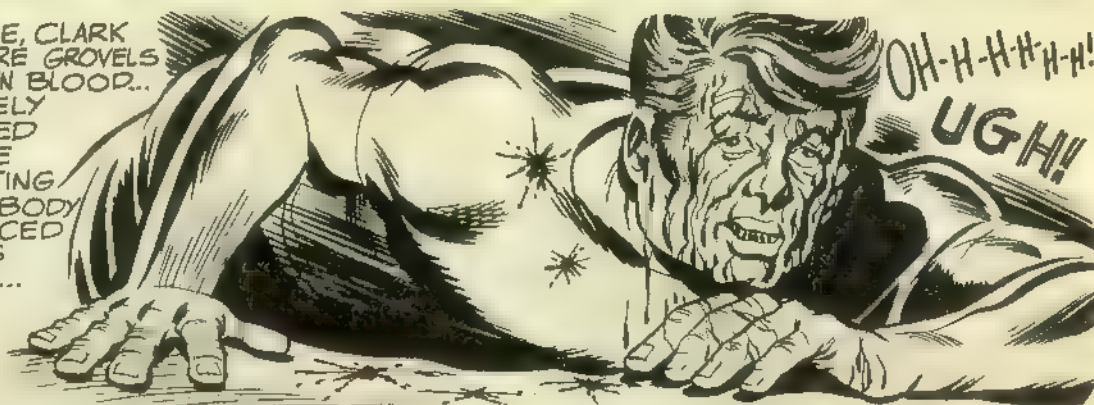
YOU MADE ONE BIG MISTAKE, DEAR PARTNER... YOU WERE NOT AWARE THAT I HAD JUST GIVEN MYSELF A COMPLETE TRANSFUSION OF MY SYNTHETIC BLOOD MOMENTS BEFORE YOU ENTERED THE LAB..
HEE! HEE! HEE!



SYNTHETIC BLOOD THAT HAS THE MIRACULOUS ABILITY TO RE-STORE LIFE AFTER A BODY LIES DORMANT IN ITS GRAVE FOR TWENTY YEARS! I HAVE NOW RISEN FROM THE DEAD FOR MY REVENGE!



MEANWHILE, CLARK VANDERMERE GROVELS IN HIS OWN BLOOD... COMPLETELY EXHAUSTED FROM THE EXCRUTIATING PAIN HIS BODY EXPERIENCED MOMENTS BEFORE...



...HE RISES TO HIS FEET... WEAK AND DIZZY BUT COMPLETELY RELIEVED FROM THE TORMENTING AGONY INFLICTED ON HIS PERSON BY THE LIVING CORPSE... BUT HE IS...



...UNAWARE THAT IT WILL BE A SHORT REPRIEVE, FOR AT THIS VERY MOMENT AS THE MACABRE FIGURE IN THE CRYPT PREPARES THE VOO-DOO DOLL FOR ANOTHER EVIL PERFORMANCE..



HE PASSES THE VOODOO DOLL OVER THE HOT FLAME OF THE CANDLE...

CLARK VANDERMERE'S ALREADY TORMENTED BODY WRITHES WITH THE IMPACT OF THE SUDDEN AGONIZING BURNING SENSATION THAT SEARS HIS CLOTHING AND INCINERATES HIS LIVING FLESH...

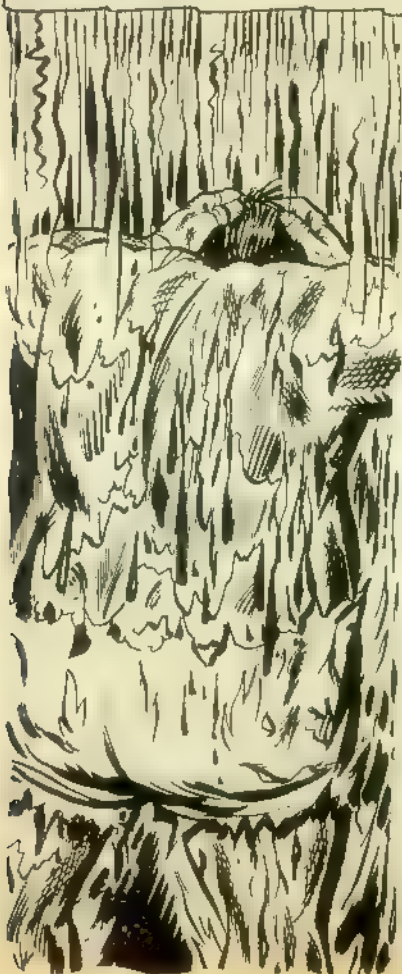


THE SMELL OF HIS SCORCHED BODY PERMIATES THE BED-ROOM... HIS BOILING BLOOD POURS FROM EVERY GAPING WOUND...

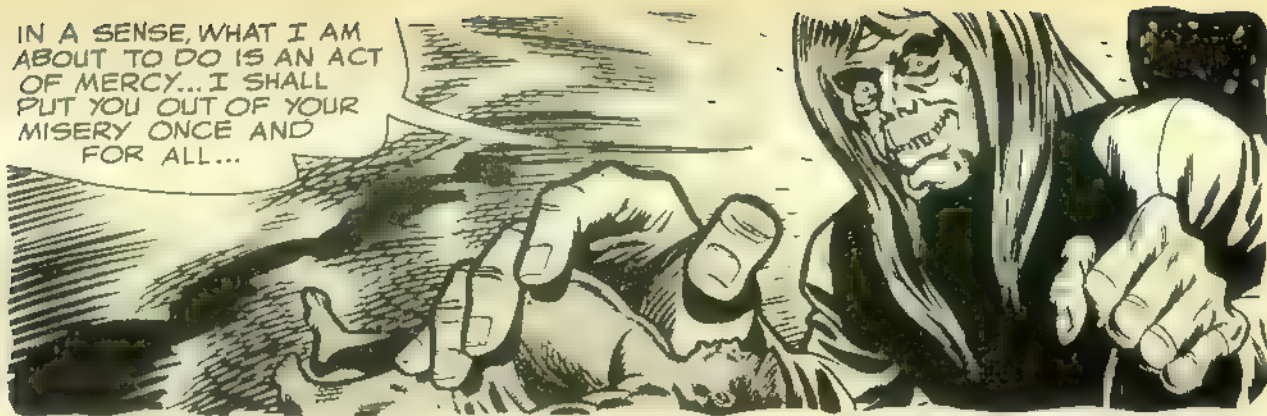
BACK AT THE CRYPT...

IT IS DONE... YOU LEFT MY LIFELESS FORM ON THE LABORATORY FLOOR TO BURN... NOW YOU KNOW HOW IT FEELS... HOW DOES IT FEEL CLARK VANDERMERE?
HA-HA-HA...

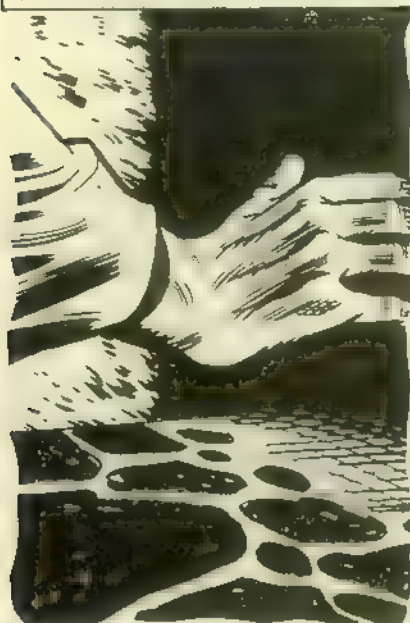
AND NOW FOR THE COUP DE GRACE... AND MY COMPLETE REVENGE SHALL BE REALIZED...



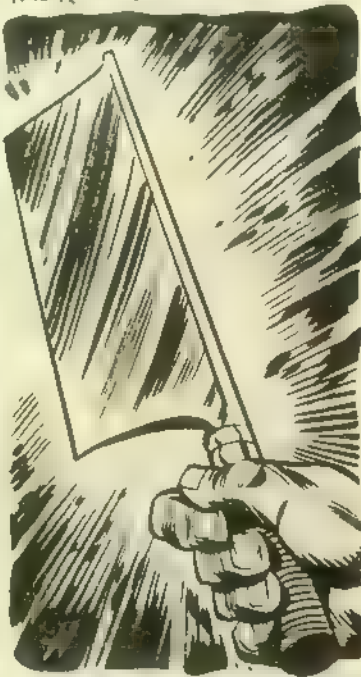
IN A SENSE, WHAT I AM ABOUT TO DO IS AN ACT OF MERCY... I SHALL PUT YOU OUT OF YOUR MISERY ONCE AND FOR ALL...



AFTER PLACING THE VOODOO DOLL ON THE MANTLE, THE WEIRD FIGURE REACHES INTO A DARK CORNER OF THE CRYPT...



...FROM WHICH HE BRINGS FORTH A HUGE MEAT CLEAVER...



...HE RAISES IT OVER HIS HEAD AND IN A SUDDEN FURIOUS FRENZY, HACKS AWAY AT THE LITTLE VOODOO DOLL...



...AND CLARK VANDERMERE'S ALREADY MUTILATED BODY RESPONDS WITH AN AGONIZING SCREAM AS HIS LEFT ARM IS TORN FROM HIS BODY...



...WITHIN MINUTES THE BODY OF CLARK VANDERMERE IS AN UNRECOGNIZABLE HEAP OF MUTILATED FLESH AND CRUSHED BONES LYING IN A MASSIVE POOL OF BLOOD IN THE MIDDLE OF HIS BEDROOM FLOOR...



BACK IN THE CRYPT...

IT IS DONE...I CAN NOW
LEAVE THIS COLD TOMB
FOR THERE IS MUCH
WORK FOR ME TO
DO...



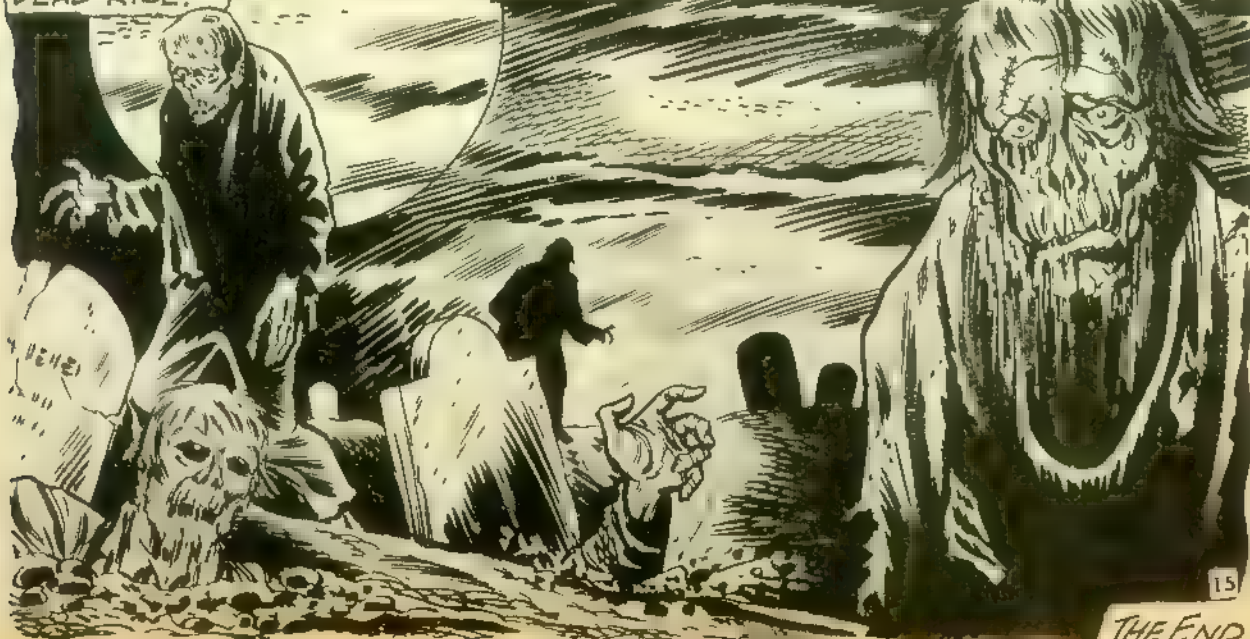
...I MUST RIGHT THE
HORRIBLE WRONG THAT
HAS BEEN DONE...FOR
WHOEVER RECEIVED A
TRANSFUSION OF MY
SYNTHETIC BLOOD
WITHIN THE LAST TWENTY
YEARS AND SINCE
HAVE PASSED AWAY...



...WILL SOON BE STIRRING
IN THEIR GRAVES... AND
PERHAPS LIKE ME...RISING
FROM THE DEAD...THEY
MUST BE STOPPED
BEFORE IT IS TOO
LATE!



BUT, IT IS TOO LATE...AND GRAVES ALL OVER THE WORLD BEGIN TO ERUPT... AS THE DEAD RISE!



UNDER THE GUISE OF CIVIC DUTY, JOHN ADAMS HID HIS CRUEL HEART, BUT THERE ARE THOSE WHO CAN SEE THROUGH EVIL AND FIND JUSTICE IN AN EERIE SENTENCE OF THE...

WITCH'S HORROR



JOHN ADAMS WAS A LAW-ABIDING MAN WHEN THE AUTHORITIES BANNED BLACK MAGIC RITES ON HIS SMALL ISLAND, HE THOUGHT OUT HIS DUTY VERY CAREFULLY AND THEN DECIDED HIS ACTION. LONG HAD HE SUSPECTED OLD YVONNE OF WITCH PRACTICES, AND BESIDES SHE WAS CARELESS ABOUT PAYING HER RENT.. SO...

ANOTHER MONTH AND NO RENT! I'VE TAKEN ENOUGH FROM YOU AND YOUR MOTHER! OUT... THIS IS FINAL!

BUT IF MY HUSBAND HAD NOT BEEN KILLED WORKING A THRESHING MACHINE ON YOUR PLANTATION, WE WOULD HAVE THE MONEY...

PLEASE... YOU CAN'T PUT AN OLD WOMAN AND A CHILD OUT IN THIS WEATHER...

YOU BRING TEARS TO MY EYES! BAH!



ONE SHORT HOUR AFTER DEATH CLAIMED ANOTHER OF YVONNE'S SMALL BROOD, OUT IN THE STORMY NIGHT, A STRANGE SICKNESS SUDDENLY SEIZED MASON'S SON...

I HAVE NEVER SEEN THE LIKES OF THIS BEFORE!

OH, DARLING, WILL THE DOCTOR NEVER GET HERE?

SOON, DEAR. HE'S RUSHING OVER!

I'M STUMPED! I HAVE NO IDEA OF JUST WHAT AILS THE BOY... I'LL HAVE TO STUDY THE CASE LONGER...

BUT ONLY A FEW HOURS AGO HE WAS IN PERFECT HEALTH!

WHAT SHALL WE DO?

WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING! HE CAN'T DIE! DON'T LET ANYTHING HAPPEN TO MY BABY! IF HE DIES I WANT TO DIE, TOO!

NOW, NOW, MRS. MASON... THERE'S NO SIGN OF THE CHILD DYING. HE IS MANIFESTING CHANGES WHICH I CAN'T ACCOUNT FOR...

SHH! THE BABY WILL HEAR YOU! COME, DEAR, LET'S SEE THAT YOU GET SOME REST!

ALL RIGHT...

WHAT IS IT! WHAT'S WRONG?

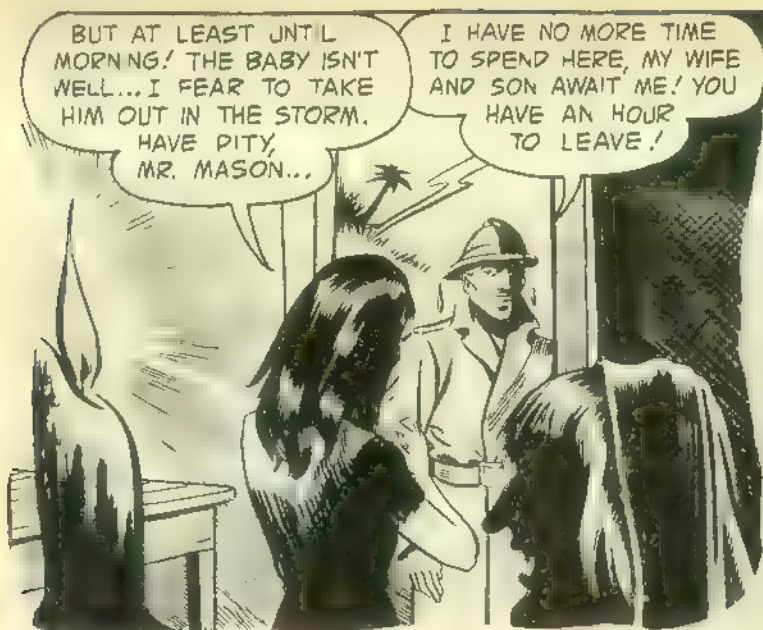
SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAS HAPPENED TO THE LITTLE ONE! SOMETHING **TERRIBLE!** IT'S A CURSE!

NO...NO, IT CANNOT BE! DON'T LOOK, DEAR...THIS IS NOT TRUE!

OLD YVONNE'S CURSE!

NICE DADDY!

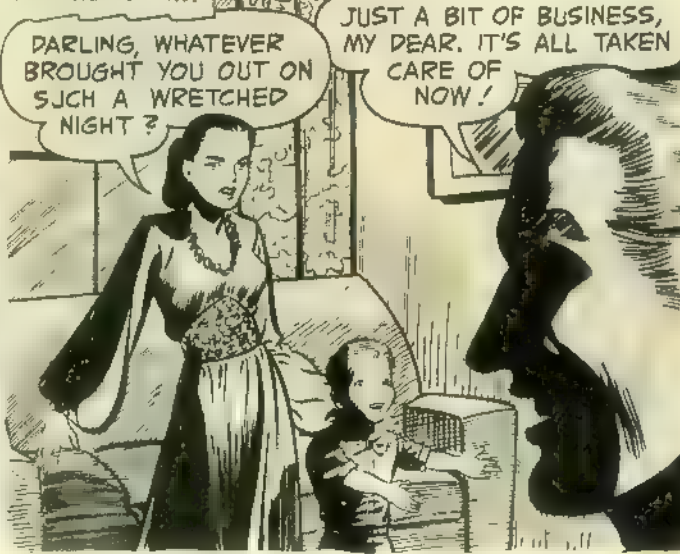
I-I THINK I'M GOING TO FAINT...



LONG HAVE YOU ACCUSED OLD YVONNE OF WITCH PRACTICING, MAN. IT HAS BEEN UNTRUE... BUT EVIL MUST BE PUNISHED. YOU WILL KNOW MY CURSE AND YOU WILL REGRET THIS NIGHT AS LONG AS YOU LIVE!



SAFE WITHIN THE WARM HAVEN OF HIS LUXURIOUS HOME, MASON'S LOVELY WIFE AND SON DID AWAIT HIS RETURN...



MASON CALLED IT AN UNPLEASANT TASK TO HIS CONSCIENCE, BUT THEN SHRUGGED IT OFF INTO NOTHINGNESS AS HE BASKED IN HIS OWN HAPPINESS. BUT ALL WAS NOT SO WELL WITH OLD YVONNE, THAT RAIN-SWEPT NIGHT... DEATH HAD ALREADY SEIZED HER GRAND-CHILD AND NOW HER DAUGHTER LAY STRICKEN...





CONJUR DOINGS! THE BOY HAS BEEN CURSED! SUCH THINGS HAVE BEEN KNOWN ON THIS ISLAND...

NO! THIS IS SOME GHASTLY TRICK! IT CANNOT BE REAL!



HE'S VICIOUS! WE'LL HAVE TO RESTRAIN HIM SOME WAY...UNTIL I CAN FIGURE OUT A WAY TO BRING HIM BACK TO HIS NORMAL STATE!



DRY YOUR TEARS, MY DEAR. THE DOCTOR WILL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS THING!

WHAT SHALL WE DO? HOW CAN YOU BE SO CALM?

HORRIBLE! I'VE NEVER WITNESSED ANYTHING LIKE IT!



OLD YVONNE! I MUST GO TO HER AND HAVE THIS CURSE BROKEN! ONLY SHE WOULD HAVE REASON TO DO THIS! SHE CARRIED OUT HER THREAT!

MASON SPENT DAYS TRACING OLD YVONNE'S WHEREABOUTS UNTIL HE LEARNED OF THE LITTLE HUT ON THE RIVER BANK... THEN STRAPPING ON HIS GUN BELT, HE GRIMLY WENT FORTH INTO THE NIGHT, SEEKING THE ANCIENT WOMAN...



YOU CURSED MY SON! TAKE IT BACK, OR I'LL KILL YOU! SPEAK, YOU WITCH!

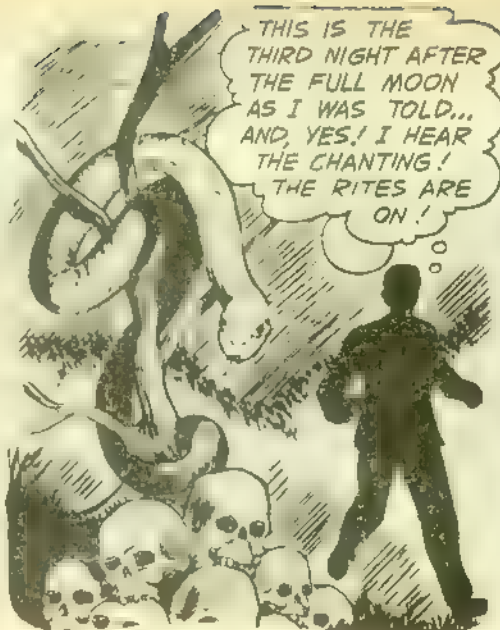
I DIDN'T CURSE HIM...AND KILLING ME WILL BE NO CURE!



HOW CAN I BRING HIM BACK TO HIS NORMAL SELF? I'VE GOT TO, DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

THERE IS A WAY, YES, OLD YVONNE KNOWS A WAY... I WILL TELL YOU.

HELPLESS
AGAINST AN
UNKNOWN
POWER THE
ONCE KITHLESS,
COLD-HEARTED
MAN
BECAME A
WHIMPERING
BEGGAR OF
OLD YVONNE'S
GRACES
LOOKING
INTO HER
ANCIENT
HATE-FILLED
EYES HE
PROMISED
ANYTHING AND
SHE GAVE HIM
DIRECTIONS...



THIS IS THE
THIRD NIGHT AFTER
THE FULL MOON
AS I WAS TOLD...
AND, YES! I HEAR
THE CHANTING!
THE RITES ARE
ON!



FANTASTIC! DEVIL
DANCING! IT'S LIKE
ANOTHER WORLD!



HA! THERE YOU ARE! WE
WAITED FOR YOU! THE
SACRIFICE HAS NOT YET
BEEN MADE. IT IS UP TO
YOU...ARE YOU WILLING TO
GIVE UP A LIFE FOR A
LIFE?

A LIFE FOR A
LIFE? BUT WHOSE?



WHAT DOES IT MATTER? YOU
ASKED NO QUESTIONS WHEN YOU
CAUSED MY LOVED ONES
TO DIE...

ALL RIGHT,
I'LL DO IT!



A GIRL! GOOD
THING I CAN'T
SEE HER FACE!
IT WOULD
SICKEN ME...

HA, HA! HOW EVIL MULTIPLIES
ITSELF! WHAT IS A LIFE TO HIM
AS LONG AS HE GAINS WHAT HE
WISHES! BUT THERE IS A PRICE...
OH, YES! LIVES ARE NOT
FREE!

AAAAA



IT IS DONE, SON OF THE DEVIL!
GO HOME. YOU WILL FIND YOUR
SON AS HE FORMERLY WAS. OF
COURSE YOU ARE PREPARED
TO PAY THE PRICE?
DEATH COSTS MUCH,
YOU KNOW...



YES, I'M READY TO GO.
BUT I'LL PAY NO PRICE
EXCEPT TO YOU, HAG!
DEATH IS CHEAP TO ME!
NOW YOUR CURSES
ARE OVER FOREVER!

WITHOUT
REMORSE
MASON
HURRIED
HOME...
HE WAS
JUBILANT
TO FIND
OLD
YVONNE'S
PROMISE
WAS KEPT,
BUT
BAFFLED
TO FIND
HIS SON
ALONE...



WHERE DID YOUR MOMMY
GO, SON? OH! SOMEONE
AT THE DOOR...
PROBABLY SHE...

DADDY...

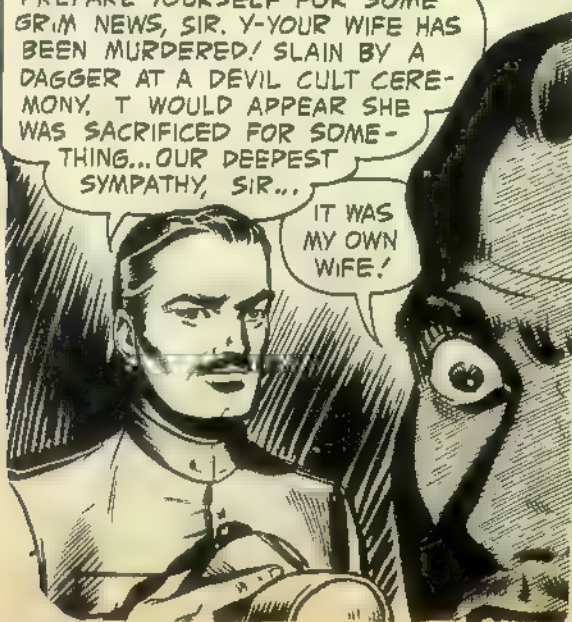


THE LAW! Y-YOU
CAME FOR ME?

YES, MR. MASON, IT IS
OUR PAINFUL DUTY TO
BE HERE BUT MANY
THINGS MUST THE
LAW ATTEND TO...



PREPARE YOURSELF FOR SOME
GRIM NEWS, SIR. Y-YOUR WIFE HAS
BEEN MURDERED! SLAIN BY A
DAGGER AT A DEVIL CULT CERE-
MONY. T WOULD APPEAR SHE
WAS SACRIFICED FOR SOME-
THING...OUR DEEPEST
SYMPATHY, SIR...



IT WAS
MY OWN
WIFE!

NEVER HAD
THE ISLAND
SEEN A MAN
SO GRIEF-
STRICKEN. IN-
DEED, POOR
MR. MASON
QUITE LOST
HIS REASONING
AND HAD
TO BE TAKEN
TO A LOCAL
ASYLUM...
AS THE
YEARS
PASSED AND
THE GUARDS
CHANGED-HIS
SAD TALE
WAS STILL
WHISPERED
ABOUT...



TSK-TSK! HE STILL
TALKS ABOUT SACRI-
FICING HIS WIFE!
NATIVES KILLED
HER YOU KNOW...

TOO BAD. THEY
SAY HIS SON
HAS THE MIND
OF A SIX
YEAR OLD,
TOO!

IT WAS ONE EASY STEP FOR B.S. FITTS, EGOMANIACAL YELLOW TABLOID PUBLISHER, FROM JOURNALISTIC MUD-SLINGING TO HEALTH RESORT MUD-BATHING. FITTS FAILED TO REALIZE, HOWEVER, THAT THE NEXT EASY STEP WOULD LEAD TO THE GRAVE...

GRAVE REHEARSAL

THROW HIM INTO THE MUD-GRAVE!

NO! NO! I'M AN IMPORTANT MAN OF CONSEQUENCE! YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO... AA-AAAAAAGHHH!!



B. S. FITTS, PUBLISHER OF THE DAILY WHISPER, A FOUL, FILTHY, BUT HIGHLY PROFITABLE SCANDAL-SHEET, ADMONISHES A CRINGING EDITOR...

PIG-BRAIN! YOU KNOW MY ORDERS! **GIVE 'EM SENSATION!** CRAM EVERY SENTENCE WITH LURID DETAILS! GLUT THE PUBLIC WITH ACCOUNTS OF FIENDISH MURDERS, CHEATING WIVES, VICE EXPOSES, ETC... THE SWINE LOVE IT!

AND WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN PRINTING, PIG-BRAIN? — **DECENT NEWS STORIES!!**

WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO, FOOL? **RUIN THIS SHEET? YOU'RE FIRED!!**

GET OUT-TTT, YOU SLIMY SNEAK, BEFORE I BREAK YOU IN TWO! OUT-TTT! OH-HH... M-MY SIDE...

PLEASE, MR. FITTS—YOUR DOCTOR WARNED YOU NOT TO OVER-EXCITE YOURSELF! YOU MUST TRY TO CONTROL YOUR TEMPER!

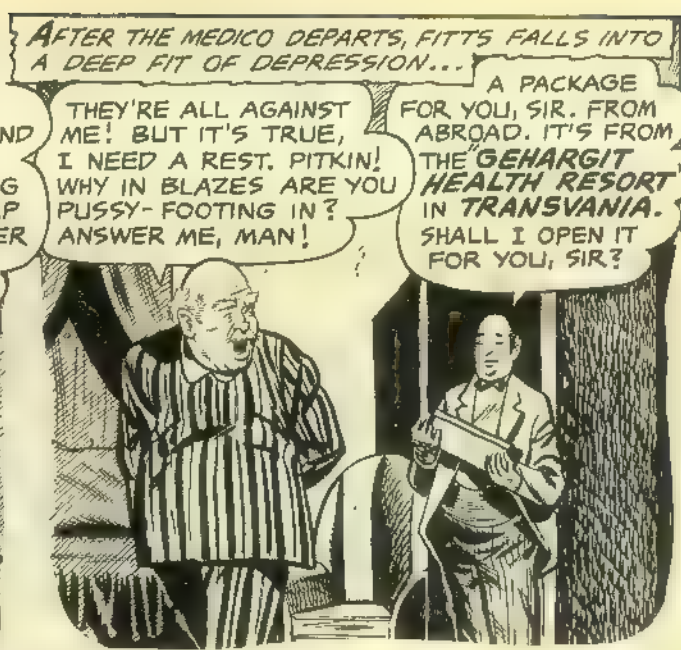
SOMEONE GET A DOCTOR! "B. S." HAS HAD AN ATTACK! SOMEONE GET HELP!





WHAT DO YOU MEAN I NEED A LONG REST? ARE YOU TRYING TO SABOTAGE ME, TOO? WHO'S PAYING YOU TO LIE TO ME? I'LL HAVE YOU INVESTIGATED! I HAVE FRIENDS IN WASHINGTON!

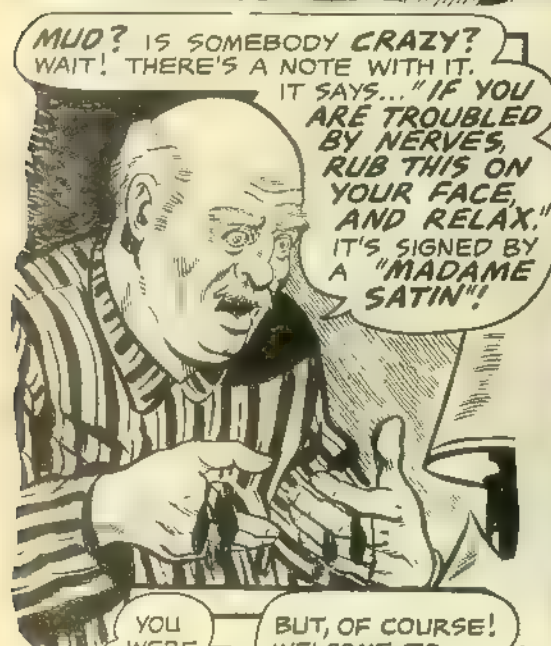
UNLESS YOU FOLLOW MY ADVICE, MR. FITTS, YOU'LL DIE... SOON! AND ALL YOUR BLUSTERING WON'T HELP YOU... AFTER YOU'RE DEAD!



AFTER THE MEDICO DEPARTS, FITTS FALLS INTO A DEEP FIT OF DEPRESSION...

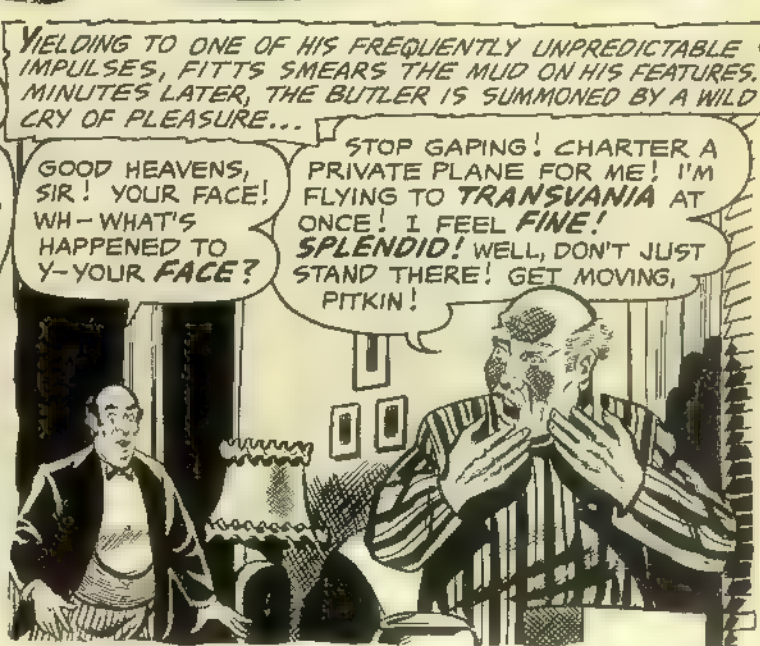
THEY'RE ALL AGAINST ME! BUT IT'S TRUE, I NEED A REST. PITKIN! WHY IN BLAZES ARE YOU PUSSY-FOOTING IN? ANSWER ME, MAN!

A PACKAGE FOR YOU, SIR. FROM ABROAD. IT'S FROM THE "GEHARGIT HEALTH RESORT" IN TRANSVANIA. SHALL I OPEN IT FOR YOU, SIR?



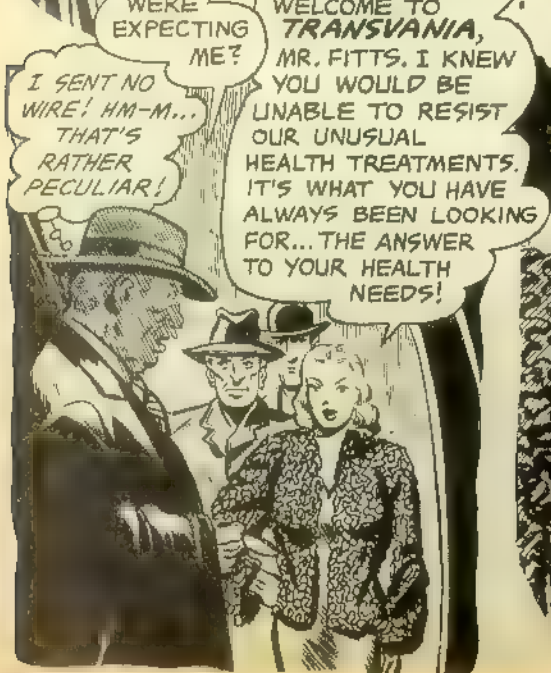
MUD? IS SOMEBODY CRAZY? WAIT! THERE'S A NOTE WITH IT.

IT SAYS... "IF YOU ARE TROUBLED BY NERVES, RUB THIS ON YOUR FACE, AND RELAX." IT'S SIGNED BY A "MADAME SATIN"!



GOOD HEAVENS, SIR! YOUR FACE! WH-WHAT'S HAPPENED TO Y-YOUR FACE?

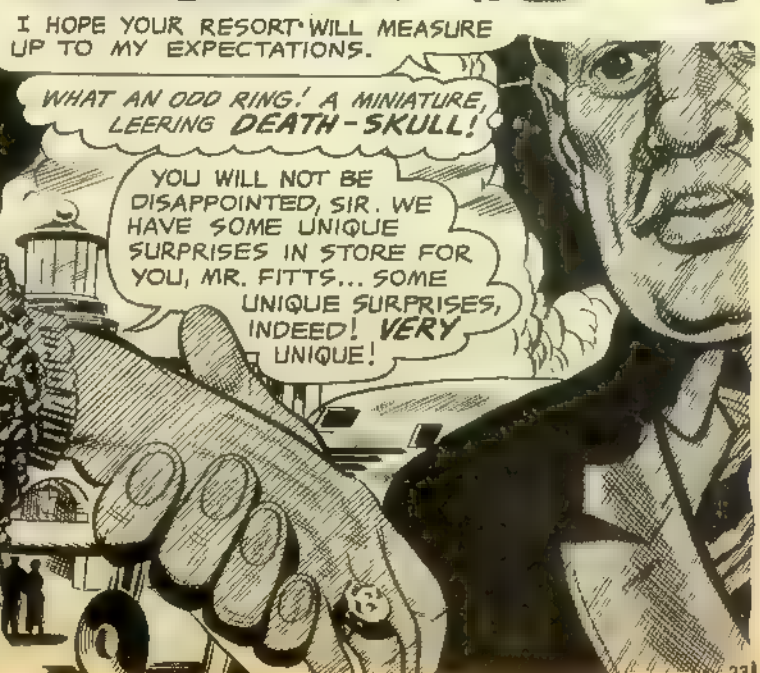
STOP GAPING! CHARTER A PRIVATE PLANE FOR ME! I'M FLYING TO TRANSVANIA AT ONCE! I FEEL FINE! SPLENDID! WELL, DON'T JUST STAND THERE! GET MOVING, PITKIN!



YOU WERE EXPECTING ME?

I SENT NO WIRE! HM-M... THAT'S RATHER PECULIAR!

BUT, OF COURSE! WELCOME TO TRANSVANIA, MR. FITTS. I KNEW YOU WOULD BE UNABLE TO RESIST OUR UNUSUAL HEALTH TREATMENTS. IT'S WHAT YOU HAVE ALWAYS BEEN LOOKING FOR... THE ANSWER TO YOUR HEALTH NEEDS!



I HOPE YOUR RESORT WILL MEASURE UP TO MY EXPECTATIONS.

WHAT AN ODD RING! A MINIATURE, LEERING DEATH-SKULL!

YOU WILL NOT BE DISAPPOINTED, SIR. WE HAVE SOME UNIQUE SURPRISES IN STORE FOR YOU, MR. FITTS... SOME UNIQUE SURPRISES, INDEED! VERY UNIQUE!

"B.S." SPENDS THE FIRST DAY IN BED... BUT...THE NEXT DAY...

I DIDN'T FLY ALL THE WAY TO TRANSVANIA FOR THIS! UNLESS I GET SOME ACTION SOON, I'LL CABLE MY ATTORNEYS! IF THEY'RE TRYING TO MAKE A FOOL OF B.S. FITTS, THEY'LL BE VERY SORRY. B.S. FITTS IS NOT TO BE TRIFLED WITH!

STRIP! REMOVE YOUR GARMENTS, MR. FITTS! DON'T DAWDLE, PLEASE! TAKE THEM OFF!!

WHAT? — (HARUMPH!) — NOW WAIT! EXPLAIN FIRST WHAT YOU HAVE IN MIND.

I HAVE A RIGHT TO KNOW!

DOWN TO YOUR SHORTS! HEIDT... GOTTFREY... HELP HIM TAKE OFF HIS GARMENTS!

LET GO! I DON'T NEED ANY HELP! I CAN TAKE MY OWN CLOTHES OFF! TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME!



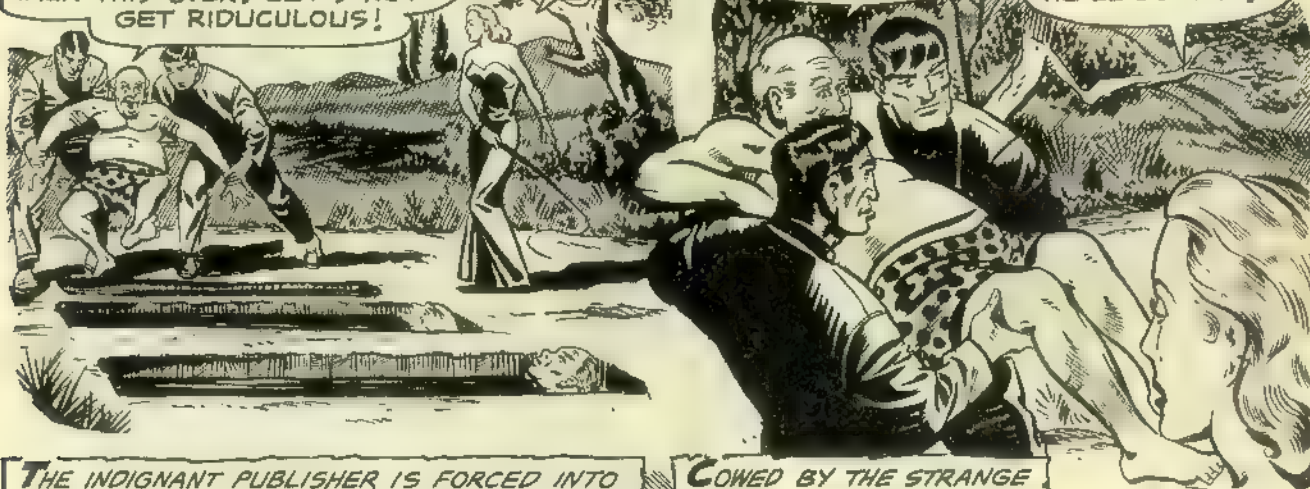
WORDLESSLY, HIS ESCORTS LEAD FITTS TO A STRANGE SIGHT IN AN OPEN FIELD...

PEOPLE... STRETCHED OUT IN MUD-HOLES, RESEMBLING GRAVES! SURELY, YOU DON'T EXPECT ME TO...? WAIT! LET'S TALK THIS OVER! LET'S NOT GET RIDICULOUS!

GET INTO THE HOLE! GET IN, I SAY! OR DO YOU NEED HELP?

NO! I WON'T DO IT! IT... IT ISN'T **DIGNIFIED!** I WON'T BE BULLIED BY FOREIGNERS! I — I'LL ...

THROW HIM IN! PAY NO ATTENTION TO HIS PROTESTS! ONCE HE GETS INSIDE THE HOLE, HE'LL LOVE IT!



THE INDIGNANT PUBLISHER IS FORCED INTO THE SLIPPERY MUCK. SPLASHING ABOUT, HE YELLS ANGRILY...

I'LL CALL THE POLICE! I WON'T STAND FOR THIS! I DEMAND TO SEE THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR!

I'M MASTER HERE! YOU'LL DO AS I SAY, OR FEEL THE STING OF THE LASH! **LIE STILL ON YOUR BACK!** DON'T MOVE UNTIL I ORDER YOU TO!

COWED BY THE STRANGE WOMAN'S COMMAND, AND THE FIRE IN HER EYES, FITTS OBEYS, THEN HE RECEIVES A PLEASANT SURPRISE...

I LIKE IT! IT FEELS GOOOOOD! OH, WHAT A

WONDERFUL SENSATION! I NEVER DREAMT THAT ROLLING IN STICKY MUD COULD BRING SUCH HEAVENLY ECSTASY!



IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, "B. S." WALLOWS HAPPILY IN THE MUD-HOLE LIKE A CONTENTED HOG. STEADILY, HIS ENTHUSIASM FOR THE STRANGE HEALTH TREATMENT RISES...

MADAME SATIN... YOUR WONDERFUL HEALTH TREATMENTS ARE SUPERB! WHAT IS THE EXPLANATION FOR THIS REMARKABLE PHENOMENON?

THIS LAND HAS BELONGED TO MY FAMILY FOR GENERATIONS. WE HAVE ALWAYS KNOWN OF THE MUD'S REMARKABLE CURATIVE POWERS. ONCE MY FAMILY WAS WEALTHY AND POWERFUL. THE RICHES ARE GONE, BUT STILL I LIVE OFF THE LAND.

A MARVEL LIKE THIS SHOULD BE SHARED BY ALL HUMANITY! IT'S TOO BIG A THING NOT TO BE PROPERLY EXPLOITED! DO YOU AGREE?

I AGREE. BUT THERE IS THE LITTLE MATTER OF FINANCES. IT TAKES MONEY TO PUBLICIZE AND FURTHER A GREAT CAUSE...

SO YOU LIKE IT NOW, EH? YOU CAN'T HAVE ENOUGH OF IT? IT MAKES YOU FEEL GOOD ALL OVER? I KNEW YOU WOULD ENJOY IT!

MY BODY IS TINGLING WITH NEW LIFE! I FEEL THIRTY YEARS YOUNGER! I HAVEN'T FELT THIS CALM AND RELAXED FOR YEARS! IT'S A MIRACLE!

I MUST KNOW! PLEASE TELL ME!

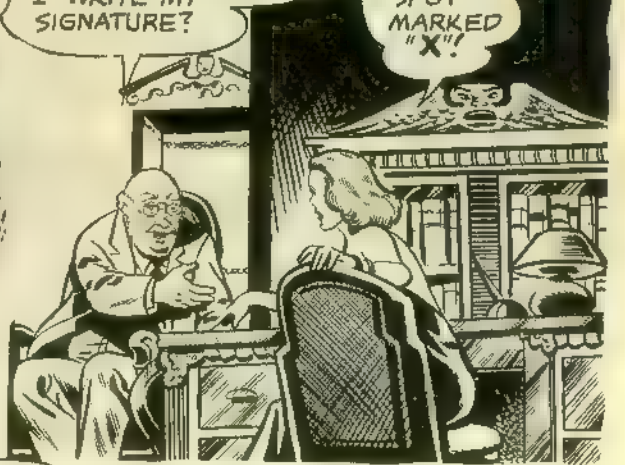


SOME HAVE BEEN KIND ENOUGH TO OFFER LARGE DONATIONS... AND MAKE THE RESORT THE SOLE BENEFICIARY IN EVENT OF THEIR UNTIMELY DEMISE. IT IS A MOST GENEROUS OFFER ON THEIR PART! IF ONLY MORE WOULD GIVE, PERHAPS THE HOPE YOU ENVISION COULD COME TRUE!

AGAIN THE PSYCHOTIC PUBLISHER YIELDS TO AN UNPREDICTABLE IMPULSE...

GIVE ME ONE OF THOSE LEGAL FORMS! WHERE DO I SIGN? QUICK! SHOW ME! WHERE DO I WRITE MY SIGNATURE?

RIGHT THERE! AT THE SPOT MARKED "X"!



BUT LATER THAT NIGHT, IN THE DARKNESS OF HIS GLOOMY ROOM, B. S. REGRETS HIS HASTY DECISION...

BLAST MY INFERNAL ENTHUSIASM! IT CARRIED ME AWAY! I'LL ASK MADAME SATIN TO RETURN THE FORM TO ME TOMORROW. I DON'T KNOW WHAT CAME OVER ME! I MUST LEARN TO EXERCISE MORE CAUTION!

ULP! WHERE D-DID YOU COME FROM SO SUDDENLY? I DIDN'T SEE ANYONE COME IN! DON'T YOU EVER BOTHER TO KNOCK?

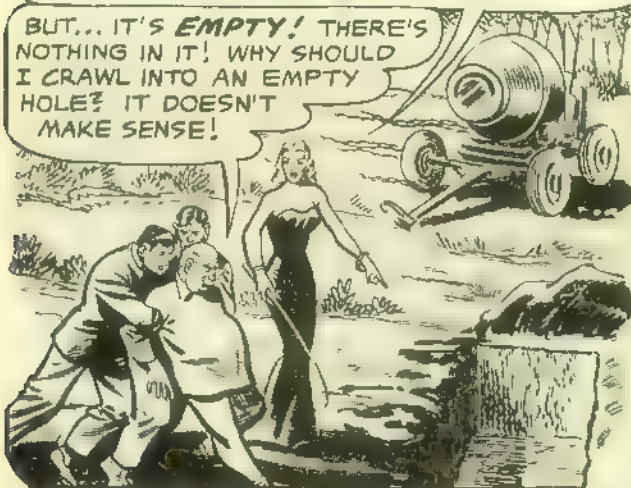
WE'VE COME FOR YOU, MR. FITT'S. YOU HAVE PROGRESSED TO THE POINT WHERE YOU ARE ENTITLED TO THE "SPECIAL TREATMENT"! THE SPECIAL TREATMENT IS RESERVED FOR SPECIAL PATIENTS!



SOON... FITTS STANDS IN A FIELD, DESERTED EXCEPT FOR MADAME SATIN, HER STARING ASSISTANTS, HIMSELF, AND SOME STRANGE EQUIPMENT...

INTO THE HOLE! GET IN, B.S. FITTS!

BUT... IT'S EMPTY! THERE'S NOTHING IN IT! WHY SHOULD I CRAWL INTO AN EMPTY HOLE? IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!



CEMENT! YOU'RE FILLING THE HOLE W-WITH CEMENT!! UH-HHH!

SILENCE HIM! BASH HIS HEAD! SHUT THAT STUPID, EVER CLACKETING TONGUE!



B.S. FITTS REVIVES TO FIND HIMSELF ENCASED IN A QUICK-HARDENING CEMENT BLOCK THAT IS BEING HOISTED ONTO A TRUCK...

I CAN'T BUDGE! LET ME OUT OF THIS, Y-YOU FIENDS! WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?

HA-HA! HE WANTS TO KNOW WHERE HE'S GOING! TELL HIM, MADAME SATIN!

TO HIS EVER-INCREASING HORROR, FITTS IS DRIVEN, IN HIS HARDENING-PRISON, TO A NEARBY...

CEMETERY!

Y-YOU'RE TAKING ME TO A...CEMETERY! WHY? WHY? TELL ME, MADAME SATIN!

I SAID... YOU ARE GOING WHERE IT IS COLD... LONELY... AND DEEP! AS DEEP AS... A GRAVE!

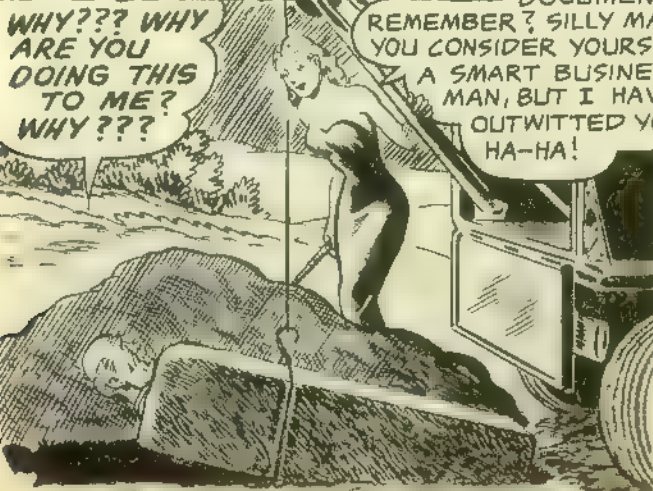
WHERE IT'S COLD—AND LONELY—AND VERY, VERY DEEP!



FITTS REFUSES TO BELIEVE THE TERRIBLE TRUTH UNTIL A CRANE BEGINS LOWERING HIM INTO A FRESH-DUG GRAVE...

WHY??? WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS TO ME? WHY???

DOCUMENT, REMEMBER? SILLY MAN! YOU CONSIDER YOURSELF A SMART BUSINESS MAN, BUT I HAVE OUTWITTED YOU! HA-HA!



YOU SIGNED AN IMPORTANT

DIED OF UNKNOWN CAUSES, YOUR RICHES BELONG TO ME! EVERY CENT OF IT... EVERY WONDERFUL PENNY! AND IT WILL RUN INTO MILLIONS!

BURIED ALIVE!! YAAA-AAA!!



"B. S." IS DEAD. NO LONGER WILL HE BULLDOZE WAGE-SLAVES. NO LONGER WILL HE SCREAM ORDERS. IMPORTANT PEOPLE WILL NO LONGER CATER TO HIM. NOW HE HAS ONLY THE WORMS FOR COMPANY...

MADAME SATIN RETURNS TO THE SCENE OF HER MACABRE TRIUMPHS...

BUT MADAME SATIN HAS NOT COUNTED ON THE TENACITY, EVEN THOUGH HE IS DEAD, OF THE TERRIBLE-TEMPERED, IMPULSIVE MR. FITTS!

MANY HAVE DIED IN THE MUD-GRAVE PITS TO SWELL MY COFFERS. BUT NOW THE GRISLY BUSINESS IS AT AN END. FITTS' RICHES WILL ENABLE ME TO RETIRE INTO GRACIOUS RESPECTABILITY...

WHO-000 ... ARE...YOU-00...? WHO-000? WHO-000?

LIKE YOU-00 ... VICTIMS... OF MADAME SATIN... LIKE YOU-000! LIKE YOU!

AND SO PASSES B. S. FITTS, ESQUIRE... THE WORLD WILL BE BETTER OFF WITHOUT THE SWINE! IT WAS A PLEASURE TO MURDER THE VERY IMPORTANT MR. FITTS!

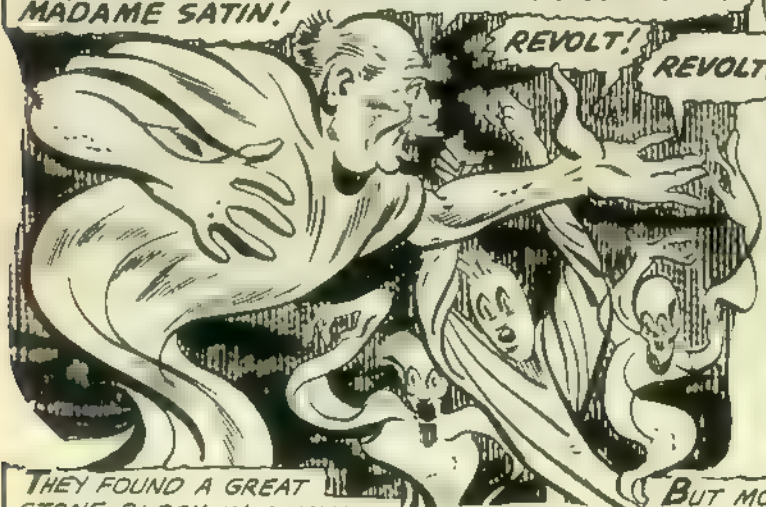


ARE YOU-000 MICE, OR ARE YOU-000 GHOSTS? — REVOLT! — MAKE THAT WITCH PAY FOR HER CRIMES! FOLLOW ME, FELLOW SPECTRES! REVOLT! DOWN WITH MADAME SATIN!

OUT OF THE MUD-GRAVES THEY SPILL... PHANTOMS INTENT ON VENGEANCE... LED BY THE ANGRY SPECTRE OF B. S. FITTS.

NO! NOT THE CEMENT-DEATH! NOOO-000000! PLEASE SPARE ME! IT'S—(SPUTTER)—FILLING MY MOUTH... GAGGING ME! GAAAAA!

REVOLT! REVOLT!



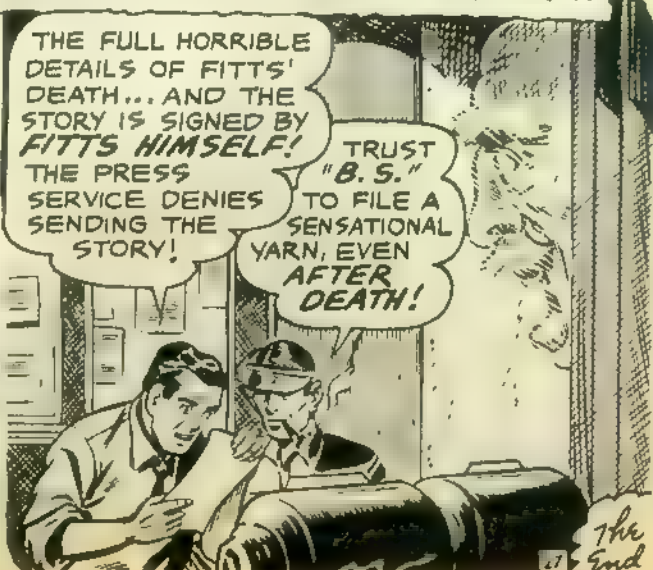
THEY FOUND A GREAT STONE BLOCK IN A MUD-HOLE THE NEXT MORNING... AND PROTRUDING FROM IT WAS...

A HAND... WEARING THE DEATH-SKULL RING OF MADAME SATIN! LOOK! THE DEATH-SKULL IS GRINNING!

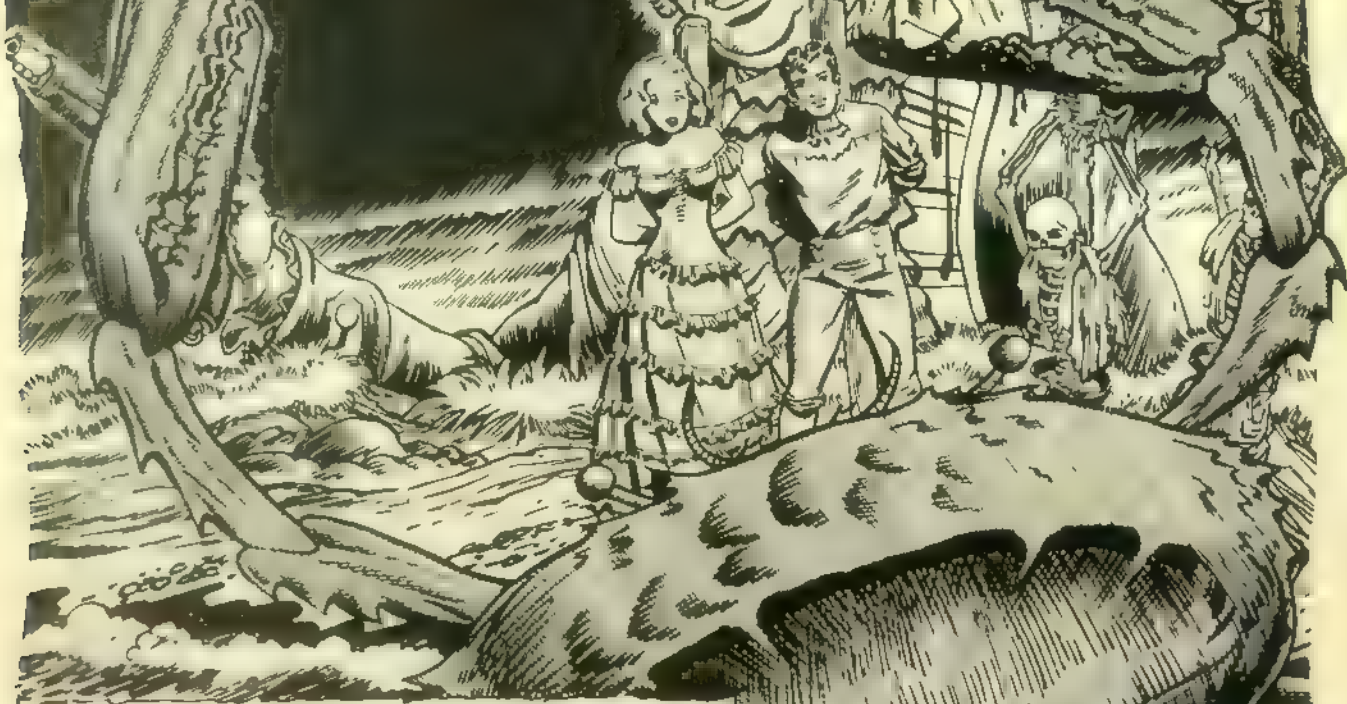
BUT MOST ASTOUNDING OF ALL... IN THE NEWS ROOM OF THE DAILY WHISPER...

THE FULL HORRIBLE DETAILS OF FITTS' DEATH... AND THE STORY IS SIGNED BY FITTS HIMSELF! THE PRESS SERVICE DENIES SENDING THE STORY!

TRUST "B. S." TO FILE A SENSATIONAL YARN, EVEN AFTER DEATH!



Terror Below



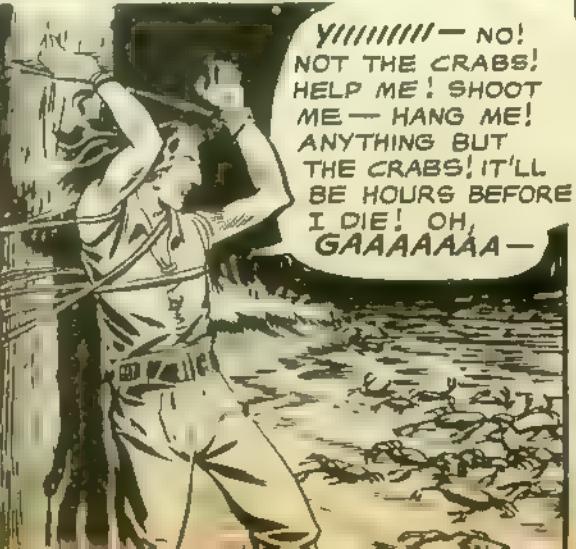
THEIR LOVE WAS FOOLISH AND DANGEROUS — BUT LOVE THEY MUST! EVEN AT THE RISK OF A HORRIBLE DEATH! THE SOUGHING OF THE SEA AND THE LONELY CRIES OF THE GULLS WERE OMINOUS WARNINGS, BUT NEITHER WOULD HEED! THEN TERROR CAME, TRAMPLING DOWN THE TROPIC SANDS WITH BLOODY FEET, AND THE LOVERS PAID A TERRIBLE PRICE FOR ECTASY! BUT IN THE END HATE BREEDS HATE — AND THEY WERE AVENGED BY THE MONSTER CRABS...

AND THE HOURS PASS SO SLOWLY — SO TERRIBLY SLOW — AND FILLED WITH PAIN...

YIIIIIIIEE — K-KILL ME! OHHHHHH — HAVE MERCY! YAAAAA — LET ME DIE!

YIIIIIIII — NO! NOT THE CRABS! HELP ME! SHOOT ME — HANG ME! ANYTHING BUT THE CRABS! IT'LL BE HOURS BEFORE I DIE! OH, GAAAAAAA —

THE YEAR 1703, ON TORTUGA, AN ENGLISH COLONY, A CRIMINAL IS BEING HORRIBLY EXECUTED..



SIR GILES ROMNEY, GOVERNOR OF TORTUGA, WATCHES THE GRISLY EXECUTION FROM NEARBY — AND ENJOYS IT...

YES, SIR GILES! BUT WHY NOT HAVE THE POOR WRETCH KILLED NOW! HIS SCREAMS SICKEN YOUR WIFE!

NAY, LET THE ROGUE DIE SLOWLY! AS FOR DAMARIS, SHE IS YOUNG AND TENDER, AND KNOWS NOTHING OF SUCH THINGS! BUT SHE WILL LEARN — SHE MUST LEARN! TO RULE, ONE MUST BE HARD AT TIMES!

AHHH—
GAAAA—
EEEEEE!

A TOUGH ROGUE, THAT ONE! BUT HIS PIRATE FRIENDS WILL REMEMBER THOSE SCREAMS, I'LL WAGER! AND HATE ME THE MORE FOR IT!

AT THAT MOMENT IN THE MUSIC ROOM, DAMARIS ROMNEY TRIES TO DROWN OUT THE HORRIBLE SOUNDS FROM THE BEACH...

MY HUSBAND IS CRUEL, EVIL! EVEN A PIRATE DESERVES A BETTER DEATH! JOHN MUST TAKE ME AWAY FROM THIS PLACE SOON—HE MUST! WE CAN GO TO THE AMERICAN COLONIES, ANYWHERE, AS LONG AS IT'S AWAY FROM SIR GILES!

DAMARIS IS IN LOVE WITH YOUNG JOHN BURTON, THE GOVERNOR'S SECRETARY, AND THAT EVENING WITH A TRUSTED NATIVE SERVANT...

WE MUST HURRY, MISTRESS! SIR GILES WILL RETURN FROM THE FACTORY MEETING SOON, AND IF HE FINDS US GONE...

I KNOW, MELISSA! HE WOULD GIVE US TO THE CRABS! BUT EVEN THAT CANNOT KEEP ME FROM SEEING MY LOVER!

SO THEY HURRY THROUGH THE STREETS OF THE OLD TOWN...

PATIENCE, GIRL! IT WILL NOT BE LONG! JOHN WILL FIND A SHIP SOON AND WE SHALL BE GONE!

TO A LOVERS' RENDEZVOUS...

DARLING, I MUST GO SOON! BUT PLEASE, IF YOU LOVE ME, FIND A WAY TO TAKE ME AWAY! SOON — SOON!

I WILL, DEAREST! BUT IT TAKES TIME! AS HIS SECRETARY I MUST ALWAYS BE NEAR SIR GILES AND — SOMETIMES I THINK HE SUSPECTS US! BUT A SHIP MUST COME SOON AND...

I AM AFRAID, MISTRESS! WE PLAY WITH FIRE! YOU MUST FORSAKE THIS MADNESS!



JOHN BURTON IS RIGHT ABOUT ONE THING — SIR GILES SUSPECTS! ONE NIGHT NOT LONG AFTERWARD AS THE SERVANT GIRL HASTENS TO ARRANGE A RENDEZVOUS...

JUST A MINUTE, YOU!

STOP, GIRL! IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!

T-THOSE M-MEN! SOLDIERS! THEY'RE FOLLOWING ME! OH, I'M AFRAID!



YOU ARE WANTED FOR QUESTIONING! NO TROUBLE, NOW!

HAH-HAH! YOU SHOULD BE HONORED, GIRL! THE GOVERNOR HIMSELF WANTS A WORD WITH YOU!

NO! LET ME GO! I'VE DONE NOTHING!



LATER...

HERE IS THE GIRL, YOUR EXCELLENCY! SHE WILL SAY NOTHING!

PLEASE, SIR! MAKE THEM LET ME GO!

WE SHALL SEE, MY GIRL! TELL ME THE TRUTH AND YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR!

THE TRUTH IS THAT MY WIFE AND JOHN BURTON ARE LOVERS! YOU HAVE SEEN THEM TOGETHER! IS THIS NOT SO? SPEAK, BLAST YOU! SPEAK AND SAVE YOURSELF!

NO! I KNOW NOTHING OF THIS! I SWEAR IT! PLEASE...

FOR HOURS THE GIRL IS QUESTIONED TO NO AVAIL! AND FINALLY SHE IS TAKEN TO THE BEACH...

SHE LIES! BIND HER WELL, MEN! THE TIDE WILL BE OUT SOON AND THEN WE SHALL SEE! WE WILL HAVE THE TRUTH YET!



H-HERE THEY COME! THE M-MONSTER CRABS! THEY WILL EAT MY FLESH WHILE I STILL LIVE TO SUFFER!

B-BUT IF I TELL THE TRUTH ABOUT MY MISTRESS...

BUT THE PROSPECT OF THE CRABS IS MORE THAN MORTAL FLESH CAN BEAR! AS THE SLIMY CREATURES REACH HER FEET, MELISSA BREAKS...

I-I-C-CAN'T EEEEEEEE- I'LL TELL, I'LL TELL! THEY ARE LOVERS! THEY'RE GOING TO RUN AWAY TOGETHER! OH, SAVE ME!

RELEASE HER AND LOCK HER UP! FOR SPEAKING SHE SHALL HAVE — A QUICKER DEATH!



AHHHHHHHHH—

LATER THAT SAME NIGHT, JOHN BURTON IS ARRESTED AT HIS HOME...

QUIET! YOU DON'T THINK WE'RE DOING THIS WITHOUT THE ORDERS OF HIS EXCELLENCY, DO YOU?

HE'S GOT PLANS FOR YOU, MY BUCKO!

UNHAND ME, YOU FOOLS! YOU'LL SUFFER FOR THIS! I'M THE GOVERNOR'S SECRETARY! I'LL HAVE YOU WHIPPED!

EARLY THE NEXT MORNING THE GOVERNOR INSISTS ON TAKING HIS LOVELY WIFE FOR A DRIVE...

B--BUT WHY ARE WE GOING IN THIS DIRECTION, GILES? YOU KNOW I DON'T LIKE THIS PART OF THE BEACH! PLEASE TAKE ME BACK!

THE STAKES, YOU MEAN? BUT MY DEAR, I HAVE A VERY SPECIAL TREAT FOR YOU THIS MORNING!



I KNOW THE CRABS SICKEN YOU, DAMARIS, AND YOU HATE THE EXECUTIONS! BUT THIS IS REALLY DIFFERENT, VERY DIFFERENT! I CAN'T ALLOW YOU TO MISS IT!

LET ME GO TO HIM! I LOVE HIM! HE IS GOOD AND KIND -- YOU'RE EVIL AND VICIOUS! OHH--LET ME GO! LET ME DIE WITH HIM, LET THE CRABS EAT US BOTH!

NO, MY DEAR! IT WOULD HARDLY DO FOR MY WIFE TO BE EATEN BY CRABS! BUT NEVER FEAR--YOUR PUNISHMENT SHALL BE EVEN WORSE, AND LAST LONGER! YOU WILL NEVER SHAME ME AGAIN!



YOU SEE! A FRIEND OF YOURS! THE CRABS WILL SOON BE AFTER HIM!

JOHN! OH, NO, YOU CAN'T! OH, JOHN--JOHN, MY DARLING! I BROUGHT YOU TO THIS!

AND WHEN THE TIDE EBBS...

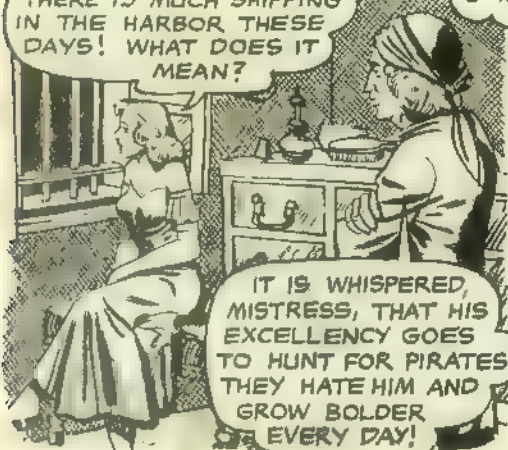


OHhhh--GAAAAAaaaaa! I CURSE YOU, SIR GILES! EVIL BE YOUR FATE! I--UH--YAAAAAaaaaa--THE CRABS ARE TEARING AT ME! EEEEEEEEEEE--



AFTER THE HORRIBLE DEATH OF JOHN BURTON, THE GIRL WAS LOCKED IN HER ROOM! WEEKS PASSED AND SHE GREW PALE AND ILL, BUT NEVER WOULD SHE LOOK OR SPEAK TO SIR GILES...

THERE IS MUCH SHIPPING IN THE HARBOR THESE DAYS! WHAT DOES IT MEAN?



IT IS WHISPERED, MISTRESS, THAT HIS EXCELLENCY GOES TO HUNT FOR PIRATES! THEY HATE HIM AND GROW BOLDER EVERY DAY!

I PRAY THAT THE PIRATES KILL HIM! THAT THEY TORTURE HIM FIRST! I WANT HIM TO SUFFER AS JOHN SUFFERED, AND AS I SUFFERED! AS WE ALL SUFFER! I MUST HAVE VENGEANCE, I MUST!



AND AT LAST THE MILLS OF REVENGE BEGIN TO GRIND! A PIRATE SHIP SAILS TO THE VERY MOUTH OF THE HARBOR AND ENGAGES THE GOVERNOR'S FLAG-SHIP...

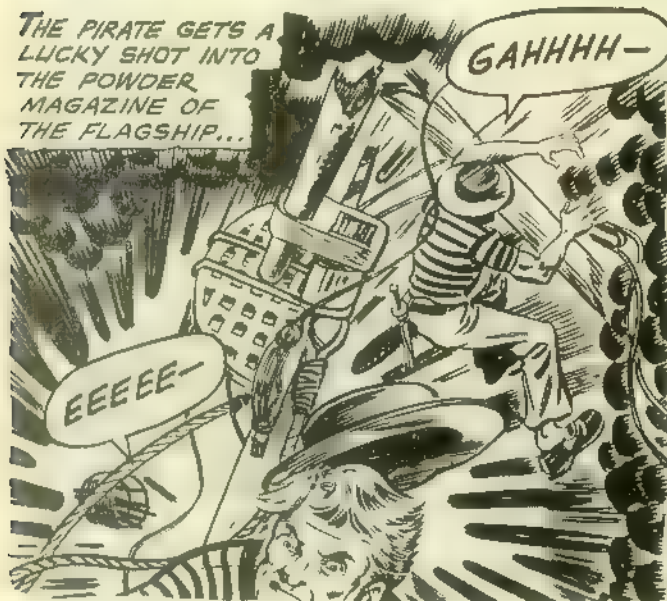


FIRE AWAY, BULLIES! SCUTTLE THE BLOODY BUTCHER!

AYE—IF WE LOSE WE'LL FEED THE CRABS!

GET THE RANGE, YOU FOOLS! SINK THE SEA SCUM! FIRE!

THE PIRATE GETS A LUCKY SHOT INTO THE POWDER MAGAZINE OF THE FLAGSHIP...



GAHHHH—

EEEEEE—

AND THERE IS BUT ONE LONE SURVIVOR— SIR GILES ROMNEY...

S-SAFE! THE TIDE'S TAKING ME IN TOWARD THE STAKE BEACH! HAH, I'LL SHOW THE ROGUES IT TAKES MORE THAN A CHANCE SHOT TO KILL ME! I'LL GET ANOTHER SHIP AND SWEEP THEM FROM THE SEA!



A SUDDEN TROPICAL SQUALL COMES ON AND WHIPS THE SEA INTO WATERY MOUNTAINS...



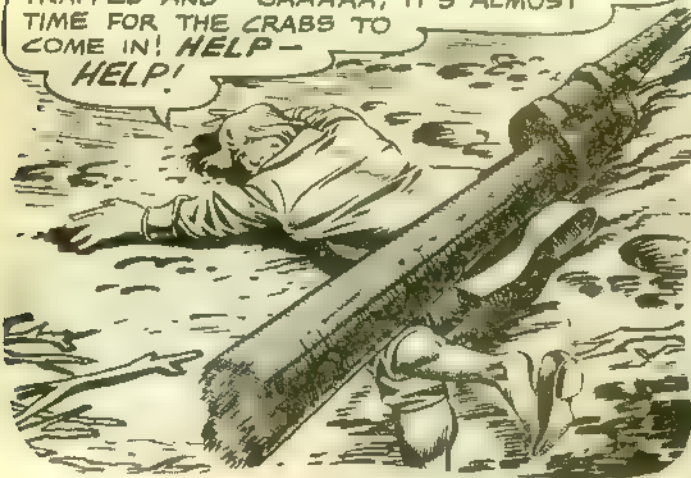
THE W-WAVES! HAVE TO HOLD ONTO THIS TIMBER OR I'LL DROWN! LET THE STORM TOSS ME ONTO THE BEACH!

YIIIIIIIIII — THE TIMBER! GOING TO C-CRUSH ME! GAAAAAAA—



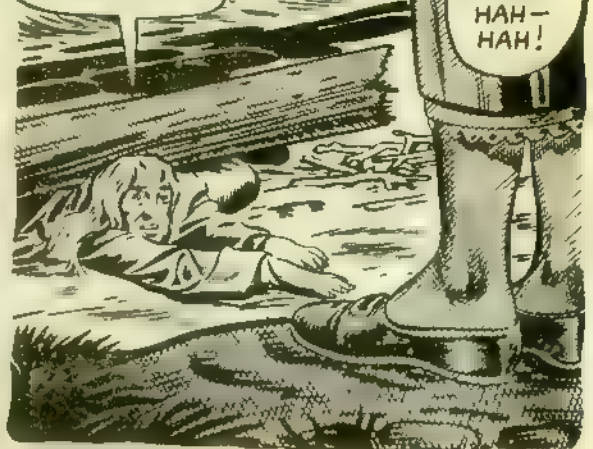
WHEN SIR GILES REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS MINUTES LATER, THE TIDE IS ON THE EBB— AND HE IS TRAPPED BENEATH THE GIANT TIMBER...

MY L-LEGS! BROKEN! I-CAN'T MOVE! I'M TRAPPED AND—GAAAAA, IT'S ALMOST TIME FOR THE CRABS TO COME IN! HELP—
HELP!

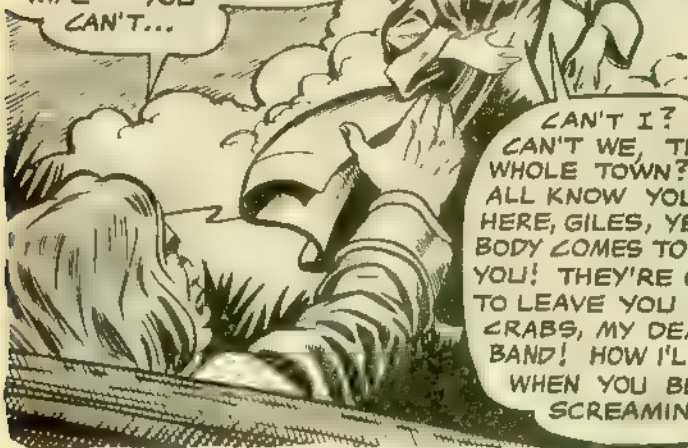


DAMARIS! MY WIFE! OH, THANK GOODNESS YOU CAME IN TIME! HELP ME GET THE TIMBER OFF BEFORE THE CRABS COME! B-BOTH MY LEGS BROKEN! HURRY, DEAREST!

HELP YOU, GILES? HAH—HAH!



DAMARIS! IN THE NAME OF HEAVEN I BEG YOU! HELP ME! THE CRABS—D-DON'T LEAVE ME HERE FOR THEM! YOU'RE MY WIFE—YOU CAN'T...



HIS WIFE LEAVES AND WITH HER GOES THE LAST HOPE OF SIR GILES ROMNEY...

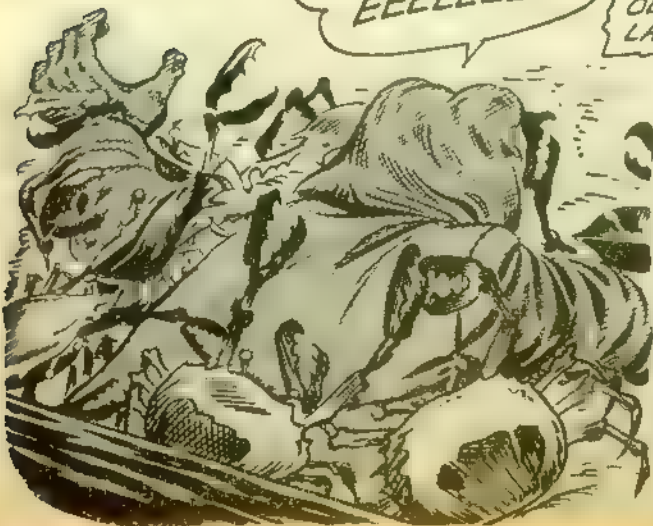
NO, YOU FILTHY CREATURES! STAY OFF! GET AWAY! N-NO-NO!

GAAAAAAA—

CAN'T I? CAN'T WE, THE WHOLE TOWN? THEY ALL KNOW YOU'RE HERE, GILES, YET NOBODY COMES TO HELP YOU! THEY'RE GOING TO LEAVE YOU FOR THE CRABS, MY DEAR HUSBAND! HOW I'LL LAUGH WHEN YOU BEGIN SCREAMING!

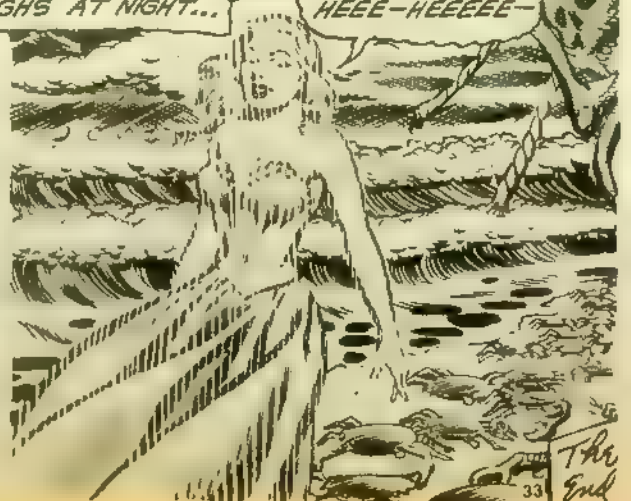


AIEEEEEEE—
OHHHHHHH—
EEEEEEE—



DAMARIS ROMNEY DIED SOON AFTERWARD! BUT TO THIS DAY THE NATIVES OF TORTUGA SWEAR THAT HER GHOST WALKS THE OLD BEACH AND LAUGHS AT NIGHT...

HAH—HAH—HEE—HEE! WE HAD OUR REVENGE, JOHN, DARLING! SUCH REVENGE! HO-HO-HO—HEEE—HEEEEE—



HARK! HEAR IT? THE FIDDLE IS PLAYING, FILLING THE NIGHT AIR WITH THE SOUND OF MENACE AND MUSIC! FROM SOMEWHERE OUT IN THE VOID IT COMES, GAY AND EVIL, THE SOUND BECKONING US ALL TO TRAVEL THE ROAD TO DEATH AND DESTRUCTION! TIMELESS, TIRELESS, THE MUSIC SWELLS AND FILLS OUR SOULS WITH TEMPTATION AND PASSION, FOR WE ARE LISTENING, EVEN NOW, TO THE

Demon Fiddler



THEN, OUT OF NOWHERE, HE APPEARS! A BOWING, SCRAPING FIGURE! THE HAPPY VILLAGERS ARE TOO EXCITED TO NOTICE HIS FACE...

THIS STORY WAS OLD WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUNG, BUT WE BEGIN A FEW CENTURIES AGO IN AN OLD WORLD VILLAGE WHICH SHALL GO UNNAMED...

DANCE, DANCE! WE MUST CELEBRATE THE SPRING!

BUT WE HAVE NO MUSIC! WE NEED A FIDDLER! WHO WILL PLAY FOR US?

PLAY FOR US! YOU MUST PLAY!

YES! WE BEG YOU TO PLAY FOR US!

I WILL PLAY!



AT FIRST THE STRAINS ARE SOFT AND INVITING! THE MUSIC SWIRLS IN GAY ARABESQUES AND THE INNOCENT AND HAPPY PEOPLE DANCE TO THEIR HEARTS' CONTENT.

DANCE, FOOLS! ENJOY IT WHILE YOU CAN! IT WON'T LAST LONG!

FASTER, FIDDLER, FASTER! WE MUST HAVE GAY MUSIC!

OH, THIS IS SUCH FUN!



SUDDENLY THE TEMPO OF THE MUSIC CHANGES! SOMETHING EVIL AND CRUEL CREEPS INTO IT! AND WITH THE CHANGE IN THE MUSIC ALSO COMES A CHANGE IN THE DANCERS...

HEH-HEH-HEH!

OH, STOP! YOU'RE HURTING ME!

I SAW YOU, YOU WENCH! MAKING EYES AT THAT FOOL!



HAH-LOOK AT THEM NOW! FIGHTING AMONG THEMSELVES ALREADY! BUT THEY--CHUCKLE--WANTED ME TO PLAY FOR THEM! THIS WILL LEAD TO MURDER UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS! HO-HO-HO!

YOU CHEATING MINX! I'LL KILL YOU! I'LL TEACH YOU TO WINK AT OTHER MEN!

I HATE YOU!



WHERE THERE WAS FRIENDSHIP AND JOY BEFORE--NOW THERE

IS FURY AND BITTER HATRED! STONES AND STICKS, KNIVES AND GUNS, EVEN TEETH, ARE USED IN THE FIGHTING! NO ONE KNOWS WHY THEY FIGHT--THEY ONLY OBEY THE EVIL MUSIC!

I'VE ALWAYS HATED YOU! GO AHEAD, KILL ME IF YOU DARE! GO ON! BUT IF YOU DO YOU'LL HANG FOR IT! OH, IF I WERE A MAN--
AAAAAEE!

SHUT YOUR MOUTH, YOU BAGGAGE! AH, IT FEELS GOOD TO HAVE MY HANDS AROUND YOUR THROAT!

HEE-HEE-HEE!



UNTIL AT LAST THE GREEN IS COVERED WITH BLOODY CORPSES AND THE SPECTRAL FIDDLER PUTS AWAY HIS INSTRUMENT AND PREPARES TO DEPART, HIS EVIL WORK WELL DONE...

SO, YOU FOOLS! YOU WOULD LISTEN TO MY MUSIC! HEH-HEH! TOO BAD IT'S ALL OVER, BUT THERE ARE PLENTY LIKE YOU IN THE WORLD!



BUT THE WORD TRAVELS AHEAD, AND WHEN THE FIDDLER REACHES THE NEXT VILLAGE HE FINDS THE PEOPLE ANGRY...

WE HEARD WHAT HAPPENED WHEN YOU FIDDLER IN THE OTHER VILLAGE! GET OUT! YOU ARE EVIL! WE WILL

WHY, YOU IDIOTS! YOU THINK YOU CAN HARM ME!

STONE YOU TO DEATH!

KILL HIM! HE IS EVIL!

SO, YOU DOLTS! YOU DON'T LIKE MY MUSIC! JUST FOR THAT I WILL PLAY YOU A VERY DIFFERENT TUNE! LISTEN!

SHOW HIM NO MERCY! KILL HIM BEFORE HE CAN PLAY HIS EVIL FIDDLE!

AS THE FIDDLER PLAYS A GRIM AND HORRIBLE TUNE...

YIII--DEMONS! MONSTERS! RIGHT OUT OF THIN AIR!

WE COME, OUR MASTER!

AGH!

HO-HO-HO!

GOOD, MY LITTLE FIENDS! TEAR THEM TO BITS! RIP THE SKIN FROM THEIR BODIES, BREAK THEIR BONES! CRUSH THEIR SKULLS AND YOU SHALL DINE WELL! THEY WILL LEARN THAT IT IS NOT WELL TO DEFEY THE FIDDLER!

YAAAA!

FINALLY...

THEY ARE ALL DEAD, MASTER! OUR TASK IS FINISHED! NOW IS THERE ANY WORD YOU WISH US TO TAKE TO YOUR MASTER?

HE LONGS TO HEAR OF YOUR PROGRESS! AS A NEW MAN...

TELL HIM I PROSPER!

WE WILL TELL HIM, MASTER! HE WILL BE PLEASED THAT YOU ARE DOING SO WELL!

HEE-HEE-HEE! HE WILL REWARD YOU!

I SEEK NO REWARD EXCEPT A CHANCE TO BRING EVIL TO THE WORLD!

I PUT YOU AWAY FOR NOW, MY SLEEK LITTLE FIDDLE, BUT NOT FOR LONG! THERE WILL BE MUCH FOR US TO DO IN THE WORLD! HAH-HAH! WE WILL MAKE THEM DANCE TO A MAD TUNE!

SO THE CORRIDORS OF TIME MARCHED THE SINISTER FIGURE OF THE FIDDLER! WHEREVER THERE WAS DEATH AND DISASTER--THERE TOO WAS THE FIDDLER! IT IS NOW CENTURIES LATER...

HO! THEY SPEAK OF PEACE! WE CANNOT HAVE THAT!

THERE IS NO REASON WHY OUR COUNTRIES SHOULD FIGHT!

I AGREE! LET US SIGN A PEACE TREATY!



A CHANGE COMES OVER THE MEN AT THE TABLE! THE MUSIC THROBS IN THEIR BRAINS LIKE MALICIOUS LITTLE HAMMERS AS TEMPER FLARE...

THOSE TERMS ARE UNSATISFACTORY TO MY COUNTRY! I DEFY YOU!

AND MINE! WE WILL NEVER SUBMIT!

SO THAT'S YOUR ATTITUDE!



AND THE FIDDLER LAUGHS WITH EVIL MIRTH AS THE WORLD EXPLODES INTO GHASTLY SMOKE AND FLAME...

HO-HO-HO! HE'LL RULE THE WORLD? THE FOOLS! I RULE THE WORLD!



AGAIN THE SOFT MUSIC BEGINS! AN EVIL LITTLE MELODY...

TALK PEACE, WILL YOU! NOT FOR LONG, YOU WON'T! NOT AFTER YOU HEAR MY FIDDLE! LISTEN TO THIS TUNE, FOOLS, LISTEN!



I DEFY YOU ALL! IF IT'S **WAR** YOU WANT, THEN YOU SHALL HAVE **WAR**! DO YOU HEAR! I'LL GIVE YOU AND YOUR STINKING LITTLE COUNTRIES A **WAR** SUCH AS YOU NEVER DREAMED OF! I'LL RULE THE WHOLE WORLD! IT'S **WAR**!



THE FIDDLER RULES TRIUMPHANT! LIKE A BLOOD-THIRSTY VULTURE HE ROOSTS ATOP A SMASHED AND BLEEDING WORLD...

HEE-HEE-HA-HA-HO-HO-HO! I PLAY AND THE FOOLS DANCE TO THEIR DEATHS!



MORE TIME PASSED AND THE WORLD WAS REBUILT AFTER A FASHION--THE CORPSES BURIED AND THE PEACE PATCHED UP! BUT THE FIDDLER WAS NOT DISMAYED--HE FOUND PLENTY OF WORK TO DO...

THAT'S IT, MY MAN! STRANGLE HER!

I'LL KILL YOU!

KILL-KILL-KILL!

EEEEEE!

NOT AS EXCITING OR AS SATISFYING AS TEARING DOWN THE WORLD, BUT IT KEEPS ME BUSY! AND THE DAY WILL COME AGAIN WHEN I CAN DESTROY EVERYTHING! IN THE MEANTIME THEY BURN IN THE FIRE MY MUSIC STARTED!

HE IS AT EVERY LYNCHING...

HEE-HEE-HO! HE WAS INNOCENT, OF COURSE, BUT MY MUSIC DEAFENED THEM TO HIS PLEAS! THEY--CHUCKLE--WOULDN'T EVEN LISTEN!

HE WAS GUILTY AS SIN!

HE KILLED A MAN!

BUT EVEN FOR HIM THERE CAME A DAY...

GAAA--WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME! I'M SICK! MY INSIDES MELTING AWAY! SO WEAK! I CAN'T PLAY ANYMORE! I CAN'T PLAY!

THIS TIME THE DEMONS COME WITHOUT BEING SUMMONED...

YAAA--YOUR TIME HAS ALSO COME, FIDDLER! OUR EVIL MASTER SENDS US TO TEAR YOU TO BITS!

IN SMALL PIECES!

NO! YOU CAN'T!--YIEEEEE!

BUT THEY DO! THE FIDDLER IS TORN INTO SMALL AND BLOODY BITS...

HO-HO-HO!

HEE-HEE-HEE!

AND AROUND THE WORLD THERE IS THE HOLLOW ECHO OF SOFT AND INCREDIBLY EVIL LAUGHTER!

I NEED A NEW FIDDLER, IT SEEMS! AND I WON'T HAVE MUCH TROUBLE FINDING ONE! DO YOU WANT THE JOB? OR YOU? OR YOU?

GRR!

The Beautiful and the Dumb!



ACT IN HASTE—
REPENT AT
LEISURE!

"FAINT HEART NE'ER
WON FAIR LADY!" BUT
POOR GEORGE THOUGHT
HE COULD OVERCOME ALL
OBSTACLES BY SHEER
WISHING! MAYBE HE
COULD...IF HE KNEW
THE DETAILS OF A
CERTAIN CONTRACT...
THAT WAS ACTUALLY
MADE TO BE BROKEN!

MIGNON, GIRL VENTRILOQUIST, IS THE
RAGE OF PARIS! ONE NIGHT AT THE
THEATRE COMIQUE...

TELL ME, FIFI!
DID ANYONE EVER
SAY YOU WERE
BEAUTIFUL?

WHAT A QUESTION!
THEY ALL DO!

HO-HO!

HAH-
HAH!

WHILE IN
THE AUDIENCE,
GEORGES DUFY
SEES THE ACT
FOR THE TENTH
TIME...

AND I LOVE HER DEARLY...
BUT FROM SUCH A
DISTANCE! I'VE GOT TO
MEET HER SOMEHOW... SHE
COULDN'T TURN DOWN A
SIMPLE INTRODUCTION
FROM A FAN!



AFTER THE
PERFORMANCE...

WHO KNOWS, BEAUTIFUL
ROMANCES HAVE SPRUNG
FROM MERE CHANCE...
PERHAPS I WILL HAVE THE
CHANCE TO WIN THE HEART
OF THIS LOVELY QUEEN...

STAGE
DOOR

I HAVE TOLD
YOU BEFORE,
M'SIEUR DUFY!
MIGNON SEES NO
ONE! SHE LEAVES
BY A SECRET
ENTRANCE!

BUT I MUST SEE
HER! I MUST! I'M
IN LOVE WITH
HER!

SO AGAIN THE
NEXT NIGHT...

EVERY MAN IN
PARIS MUST BE IN
LOVE WITH HER! BUT YOUR
FORTUNE IS IN MY HANDS,
PRETTY MIGNON, JUST AS
MINE IS IN YOURS! TONIGHT
WE SHALL MEET!

SO
ONCE
MORE...

NOW,
M'SIEUR!
DID I
NOT TELL
YOU
BEFORE...

WAIT,
HENRI!
LET US
TALK
BUSINESS!

STAGE
DOOR

AHA,
M'SIEUR!
THAT IS
DIFFERENT!

FIVE THOUSAND
FRANCS, HENRI!
NOW?

YOU CANNOT SEE
MIGNON HERE,
M'SIEUR! BUT
HER ADDRESS I
WILL GIVE YOU!
TWO-THIRTY-
FOUR RUE
MAURICE!

FINE! YOU HAVE
SAVED MY LIFE,
MY OLD FRIEND!

AN
HOUR
LATER...

I'M ALMOST TREMBLING... BAH,
I'VE GOT TO SHOW HER MY
STRENGTH NOT MY WEAKNESS AS
A SHY SIXTEEN YEAR OLD BEAU...
I'LL JUST TELL HER... SWEEP
HER OFF HER FEET... T'LL SAY,
"I LOVE YOU,
MIGNON!"

KNOCK

ENTRÉ!

GOOD EVENING,
MIGNON! HOW
NICE OF YOU
TO RECEIVE
ME!

COME IN, M'SIEUR
DUFY! I HAVE BEEN
EXPECTING YOU!

AT LAST HE COMES FACE TO
FACE WITH THE LOVELY MIGNON...
BUT...

Y-YOU WERE
EXPECTING ME?

ER... I EX-
PECTED SHE'D
BE ALONE!

YES! PLEASE
COME IN! OLD
HENRI, THE
DOORMAN,
PHONED ME
JUST NOW.

GOOD
EVENING,
M'SIEUR!

I AM FLATTERED,
M'SIEUR! HENRI TELLS
ME THAT YOU HAVE
WAITED EVERY NIGHT
TO SEE ME!

MIGNON, I WISH TO
SPEAK TO YOU OF A
MOST PRESSING
MATTER! SOMETHING
OF GREAT IMPORTANCE
TO ME... AND I
HOPE TO YOU!

I - I AM
GLAD TO KNOW
THAT - GEORGES!

BUT THERE IS AN INTRUDING DISADVANTAGE...

I SAID
GOOD
EVENING,
M'SIEUR!

ER... GOOD EVENING! I'VE SEEN YOU IN
THE THEATRE,
HAVEN'T I? A
WONDERFUL
PERFORMANCE!

OH, I'M SO
GLAD YOU
LIKE FIFI!

WELL, WHAT IS IT
YOU HAVE TO SPEAK
OF? FIFI AND I HAVE
NO SECRETS!



AND GEORGES DECIDES TO APPEAL TO THE LADY'S
POSSIBLE CURIOSITY...

SURELY YOU MUST WONDER WHY I HAVE INTRUDED
ON YOUR PRIVACY THIS WAY, MIGNON?
IT IS BECAUSE I AM
STRICKEN WITH
LOVE FOR
YOU!

I? BUT WE ARE
STRANGERS!



AMBITIOUS
GEORGES CAN'T
BEAR THE
CHANCE OF
LOSING HIS
GAMBLE...

STRANGERS? NO, INDEED!
I'VE ADMIRERD YOU FOR
WEEKS! NOW I WANT
YOU TO KNOW ME...

PLEASE,
M'SIEUR!
YOU
STARTLE
ME!



I HAVE LOVED
YOU FOR MONTHS!
I BEG YOU TO
ACCEPT ME AS
YOUR DEAR
FRIEND...
PERHAPS YOUR
FIANCE?



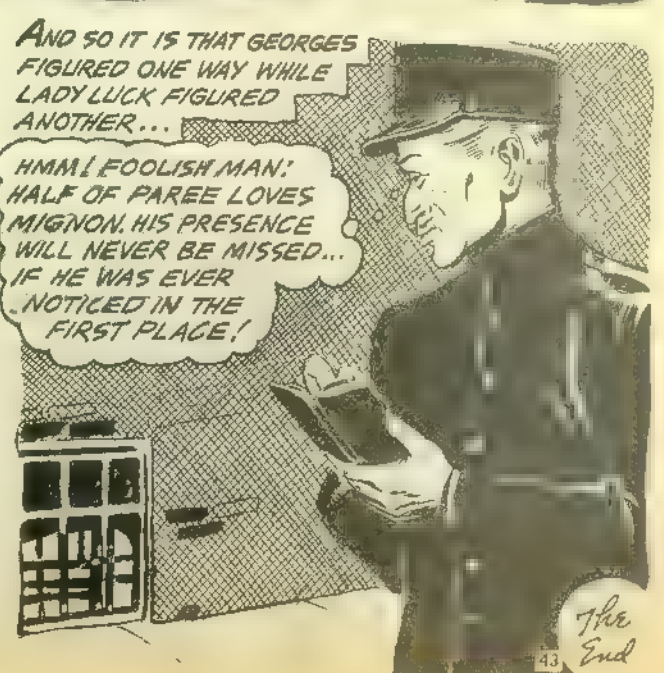
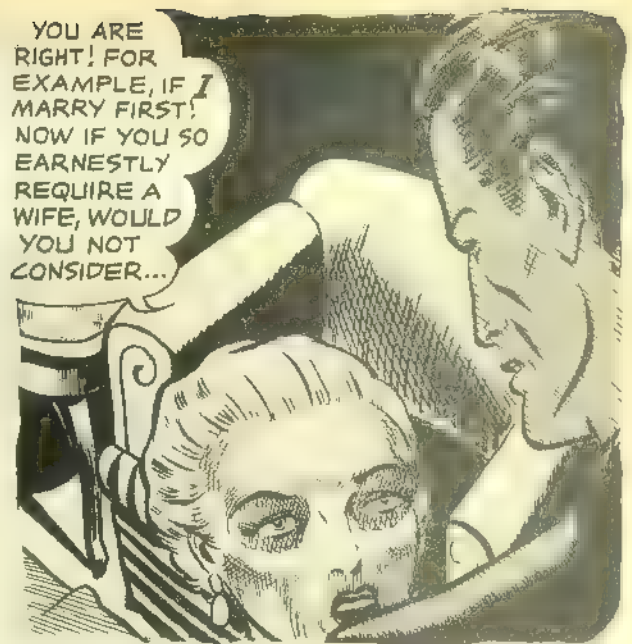
IMPOSSIBLE, M'SIEUR!
PERHAPS YOU SHOULD
KNOW THAT I AM UNDER
A PARTNERSHIP
CONTRACT
THAT EX-
CLUDES
ROMANCES!

I'LL
BUY
YOUR
CONTRACT!



OUI, M'SIEUR...IMPOSSIBLE! YOU
SEE IT IS A LIFE-LONG CONTRACT
WITH ME! HOWEVER, THERE ARE
CONSIDERATIONS IN ALL CONTRACTS...
IF YOU'D CARE TO DISCUSS THEM...





THE CREATURES WHO RULE THE DEAD DID NOT SLEEP QUIETLY BENEATH THE ROTTING HOUSE! THEY REACHED FROM ANOTHER WORLD, CALLING THROUGH THE SHADOWS, WAITING... WAITING TO CLAIM TENANTS FOR THE...

HOUSE OF SHOCK



LUCY AND JERRY SPED THROUGH THE NEW ENGLAND NIGHT TO SPEND THEIR HONEYMOON IN AN INHERITED HOUSE... THEY HAD NEVER SEEN.

BUT AS THE YOUNG COUPLE WENT OUT INTO THE NIGHT AIR, LUCY WAS UNEASY! A SOLITARY CAB DRIVER WAS THE ONLY FIGURE IN THE DESERTED DEPOT!

I HOPE WE LIKE THE MANSION

IT'S PROBABLY A SWEET LITTLE PLACE ...AND IT'S ALL OURS!

WHAT A DREADFUL PLACE! WHAT A QUEER OLD MAN!

HERE WE ARE... OH, DRIVER! CAN YOU TAKE US TO MOON MANSION?



I DON'T GO TO MOON MANSION! THE DEVIL LIVES THERE--IT'S HAUNTED! YE KIN WALK UP THE ROAD TO GET THERE, BUT IF YE WANT TO LIVE-- STAY AWAY FROM MOON MANSION!



AS THEY WALKED THROUGH THE BLACKNESS, LUCY FELT TERROR GROWING WITHIN HER... AND THEN, AFTER A SUDDEN BEND IN THE ROAD... THERE LAY MOON MANSION, GHASTLY IN THE MOONLIGHT...

OH, JERRY! I--FEEL THERE'S SOMETHING EVIL ABOUT THIS PLACE!

NONSENSE! IT'S JUST THAT THE OLD MAN FRIGHTENED YOU!



LATE THAT NIGHT, WHEN THE EVIL HOURS WERE AT THEIR DARKEST, LUCY WAS AWAKENED BY SOUNDS THAT SEEMED TO COME FROM... ANOTHER WORLD...

COME! COMME!

WHO'S THERE? WHO LIT THE FIRE IN THE STOVE? JERRY! WAKE UP!



JERRY! THERE'S SOMETHING IN THIS ROOM! I CAN FEEL SOMETHING WATCHING US!

WHY? WHAT'S THE MATTER? THERE'S NOTHING HERE!



COME... CO-OM-ME, LUCY-Y-Y-Y!

SEE? I TOLD YOU THERE'S NOTHING HERE... YOU'RE JUST JUMPY, DARLING!

I CAN FEEL THEM WATCHING ME IN THE BLACKNESS! ...THEY'RE CALLING FOR ME!

THE VOICES ECHOED IN LUCY'S BRAIN! SHE FELT THE CREATURES OF DREAD PRESSING TOWARD HER THROUGH THE SHADOWS...

NOW YOU JUST GO TO SLEEP... I WON'T LET ANYTHING HAPPEN!

JERRY...IF WE DON'T LEAVE... YOU WILL WILL REGRET IT... I FEEL THE TOUCH OF DEATH!



WHEN MORNING CAME, LUCY WAS SURE THE VOICES HAD BEEN A NIGHTMARE! BUT WHEN THEY WENT TO THE GENERAL STORE...

SO YE BE THE ONES WHO LIVE IN THE MOON PLACE? HEE, HEE! 'TIS A PLACE OF TERROR!

OH, JERRY!

TELL US, OLD WOMAN, WHY DOES EVERY-ONE HERE FEAR MOON MANSION?

...IT WAS BUILT OVER A CEMETERY, THAT'S WHY! THE CREATURES OF THE GRAVES ROAM THE ROOMS THROUGH THE MANSION! RUN AWAY, I TELL YOU, **RUN, RUN!**



AS THE CLOUDS OF NIGHT COVERED THE MANSION, LUCY ONCE MORE FELT SOMETHING CALLING TO HER...FOREVER CALLING!

ALMOST HYPNOTIZED LUCY WAITED UNTIL HER HUSBAND LEFT THE ROOM... THEN, TAKING THE LAMP WALKED TOWARD THE CELLAR DOOR...

A CEMETERY! I MUST FIND OUT WHAT IS DOWN THERE... BEFORE I GO OUT OF MY MIND!

YAWN! I'M TIRED LUCY!... GUESS I'LL TURN IN!



I--I HEAR YOU! I AM COMING! I AM COMING!

I--I SEE NOTHING! NOTHING! WHAT IS DOWN THERE!



IN THE TOMBLIKE SILENCE THAT FOLLOWED THE ECHOES OF LUCY'S VOICE, A DOOR OF A HIDDEN CRYPT SWUNG OPEN! THE LEGIONS OF THE LIVING DEAD SWARMED BEFORE HER EYES...



IT'S...IT'S A GRAVE...IT'S HORRIBLE...IT'S... OH... NO! NO! NO! NO!

NO--DON'T--
ARRGHH!



THE SCREAMING DARKNESS OF THE PIT CLOSED OVER LUCY, AND WHEN SHE EMERGED, SHE WAS A WALKING CORPSE... A WITCH OF EVIL!

NOW I KNOW WHAT CALLED ME... HEE-HEE! I MUST KILL--I MUST KILL JERRY... HEE-HEE!



JER-R-YY...
JER-RRR-YYY!
I AM COMING
UP TO YOU
NOW...

WHA--! WHO IS THAT?
LUCY! WHERE
ARE YOU?



LUCY! WHAT'S THE MATTER?
YOU LOOK SO STRANGE!
SO DIFFERENT! WHAT'S
HAPPENED TO YOU?
LUCY!

IT'S ALL RIGHT NOW,
MY DARLING... JUST
LET ME PRESS THIS
LITTLE BUTTON!
HEE! HEE!



...SOON YOU WILL
LEARN WHAT CALLED
ME, DARLING...
HARGGH-- DEATH!
DEATH!

LUCY! YOU CAN'T
DO THIS TO ME!
STOP THE BED...
IT'S GOING TO
CRUSH ME!

LIKE A HORRIBLE VISE, THE BED CANOPY LOWERED,
BRINGING THE CRUSHING SOUNDS OF BLOODY
DEATH...

NO! NO! NOARRGH!

HA! HA! MOON MANSION IS
NOT FOR THE LIVING! IT
SHALL BE THE HOME OF DARK-
NESS UNTIL THE DAY OF
DOOM!



WHERE BE YER HUSBAND, MRS. WILLIAMS?

HE HAD TO GO AWAY-BUSINESS! HEE! HEE! GIVE ME MY AND LET ME GO!

WHY WOULD THEY WANT TO LIVE IN MOON MANSION! MY, BUT SHE ACTED STRANGE-LIKE!



ENCLOSED IN THE BLACKNESS OF MOON MANSION, LUCY CALLED TO THE SPECTERS THAT HAUNTED THE MUSTY ROOMS OF DEATH...

WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT HERE AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT?

THE PEOPLE IN THE VILLAGE TOLD US THIS PLACE IS FOR SALE... MAY WE COME IN? IT'S A BAD NIGHT!

COME TO ME, SPIRITS OF EVIL! COME FOR HOURS OF... WHA-? WHO COULD BE CALLING HERE?



I DON'T LIKE THIS PLACE, JOHN... IT SCARES ME!

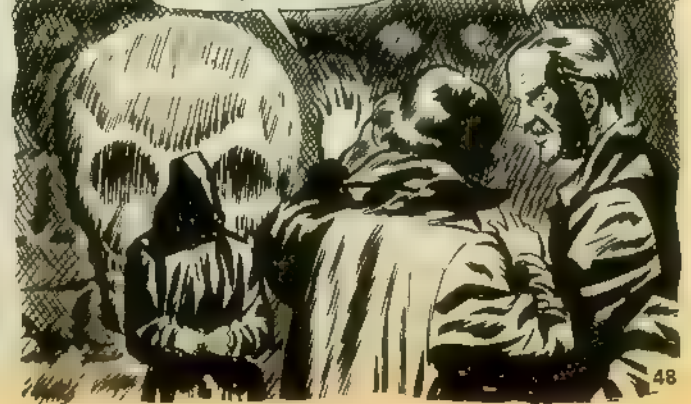
HUSH, DEAR, SHE'LL HEAR YOU!

THEY LIED TO YOU! THERE IS SOME MISTAKE! THIS PLACE IS NOT FOR YOU! PLEASE GO!

BUT THE "THINGS" HAD COME AT LUCY'S CALL! EVEN THOUGH SHE COULD NOT SEE THROUGH THE SHADOWS THAT CLUSTERED ABOUT LUCY, THE WOMAN COULD SENSE THE PRESENCE OF EVIL...

EEEN--JOHN! I THOUGHT I SAW SOMETHING BEHIND HER... SOMETHING HORRIBLE!

WHA! PLEASE, DEAR, IT'S JUST THE LIGHTNING!



THEY HAVE SEEN THE POWERS OF THE MANSION... THEY MUST NOT LEAVE HER ALIVE!

PLEASE BE CALM! THERE IS NOTHING HERE! IF YOU WILL EXCUSE ME FOR A MOMENT!



WHILE THE BUYERS WAITED, LUCY PRACTISED THE **BLACK ARTS**. HER PURPOSE WAS--**MURDER!**

SLAVE-SPIRIT OF MY DEAD HUSBAND! OUTSIDE IS THE CAR IN WHICH THE VISITORS HAVE COME... DESTROY IT! LET THEM NOT ESCAPE!

IT SHALL BE DONE!



WHAT HAPPENED?

OUR CAR HAS BEEN DESTROYED BY LIGHTNING!

OH, JOHN... I'M FRIGHTENED!



YOU HAD BEST STAY HERE... IT'S A **WILD NIGHT!** I ONLY HAVE TWO BEDROOMS THAT CAN BE--USED! BUT, ONE OF THE GIRLS WILL HAVE TO STAY IN MY ROOM!

AFTER SOME ARGUMENT, LUCY CONVINCED HER GUEST TO STAY! IN THE MIDNIGHT BLACKNESS SHE LAY RIGID, IN AN OCCULT TRANCE CALLING OUT A SPELL OF DOOM...

NOW, SISTERS OF DARKNESS! TAKE THESE MORTALS... CRUSH THEIR BODIES!



THE FURIES OF THE DEAD AROSE TO LUCY'S CALL! IN THE NEXT BEDROOM, THEY TORTURED THE MINDS AND BODIES OF THE VISITORS!

JOHN! THERE IS SOMETHING HERE! MY BODY IS FILLED WITH PAIN... TERRIBLE PAIN... HELP ME, JOHN!

GOOD LORD! LOOK! THOSE HIDEOUS THINGS!



MOON MANSION HAS CLAIMED BLOOD AGAIN...



BUT THE GIRL'S PARENTS WERE BEYOND HELPING ANYONE! THE GIRL RACED TOWARD THE POINTS OF MURDER, THE SLENDER SPIKES SHE DID NOT SEE...

EEEE! THE FACES! THE HORRIBLE FACES... I MUST GET OUT OF HERE... HELP!



HELP! I CAN'T STAND THE PAIN! HELP ME! ARGGGH!

STOP! MY HEART! MY HEART! THE PAIN--I CAN'T STAND IT!



AND IN THE BEDROOM OF THE GIRL WHO SLEPT ALONE, THE SMELL OF DEATH ALSO ENTERED! THE ROOM BECAME A CHAMBER OF HORRORS...

HELP!... MOTHER! FATHER! HELP ME! PLEASE! I-I-I...



ARRGGGH!

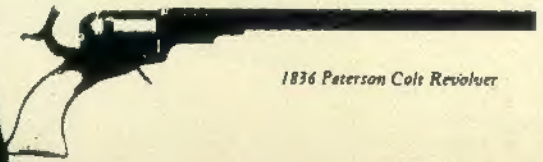


CONTINUED ON THE BACK COVER



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1836 Paterson Colt Revolver

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AND IN LUCY'S BEDROOM, THE OTHER GIRL SAT UP, WIDE AWAKE WITH SUDDEN TERROR---

EEEEEE-UUGH!

WHAT WAS THAT SCREAM? THOSE FUMES...WHERE ARE THEY COMING FROM?



LUCY WAS KILLED! KNOCKING OVER THE CANDLE, THE GIRL RAN FROM THE ROOM LIKE A SHRIEKING TORCH!

THE BED! IT KILLED HER! OH! OH! THE CANDLE...I'M BURNING!



THE MANSION OF THE DEAD BECAME A MASS OF DEVOURING FLAME... THE VILLAGERS CAME TO LATE TO STOP THE FIRE, AND AS THEY WATCHED THE DESTRUCTION OF THE MOON MANSION...

YAAAAA OOOOOOOO!!

THE SCREAM OF DEATH!

WHAT WAS THAT?



AS SHE SPRANG FROM THE BED OF DEATH, THE GIRL ACCIDENTALLY TOUCHED THE SECRET BUTTON...

WHAT IS THAT IN THE BED? I MUST BE LOSING MY MIND! NO! NO! THOSE FLAMES!...



EEEYARRGH!



I TOLD THEM NOT TO GO THERE...I FEEL SORRY FOR THE YOUNG COUPLE. WHAT A WAY TO DIE!

THE HUSBAND WAS AWAY! 'TIS THE LASS I FEEL SORRY FOR! SHE WAS SO YOUNG AND SWEET! BUT AT LEAST THE MOON MANSION IS NO MORE! IT WAS A MURDER MANSION!

